Angelus Domini

with

Legendary Lays and Poems

in honor of the

Blessed Virgin Mary

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ANGELUS DOMINI.

PRESS OF
WILLIAM R. JENKINS,
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NEW YORK.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

By MURILLO.

In the Louvre.

Angelus Domini

WITH

LEGENDARY LAYS AND POEMS

IN HONOR OF THE

Blessed Virgin Mary

TOGETHER WITH

INTRODUCTORY SELECTIONS IN PROSE

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

A DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH

Author of "St. Luke," etc.

✠

ILLUSTRATED

✠

"The mooned Ashtaroth, queen and mother both."

✠

NEW YORK

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DEDICATED

TO

The Glory of God

AND IN HONOR OF

Blessed Mary Ever Virgin.

Preface.

THE object of this book of selections in prose and verse, from authors ancient and modern, will be attained if any person find assistance from it in bringing his thoughts and feelings into unison with the time. Millet's "L'Angelus" was suggested to him, no doubt, by the distant chime of the bells calling to prayer, and those who heard would murmur in response, "Angelus Domini Nuntiavit Mariae."

Mrs. Jameson, in her book of "Sacred and Legendary Art," says: "The custom of adding the Angelic Salutation the 'Ave Maria,' to the Lord's Prayer was first introduced in the Tenth Century, and by the end of the following century it had been adopted in the office of the Church. This was, at first, intended as a reminder of the mystery of the Incarnation, as announced by the Angel Gabriel. It must have had the effect of keeping the idea of Mary as united with that of the Son, and as the instrument of the Incarnation continually in the minds of the people."

According to the old English use of Sarum the Angelus Domini was said at 6 A. M., noon and 6 P. M. In Italy, at sunrise, noon and at sunset.

The selections given from the great "singers of high poems" express so beautifully the spiritual, intellectual and physical beauty of the Blessed Virgin. All are noticed and dwelt upon with the most fervent praise, thus portraying their conception of the theological type.

Many more authors might be quoted, but enough is before the reader to illustrate the beauty of the rhythmic worship of the old time and its bearing on the hymn-worship of to-day.

Thanks are due (and are herewith acknowledged) to the courtesy of publisher and author, by which many copyright American poems, and also selections in prose, have been allowed to appear in this collection.

In regards to some, permission has been accorded by the authors themselves, others having been gathered as waifs, and have been used without especial authority. It is hoped that any oversight will not be construed as an intended discourtesy.

Particular acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and the Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

In the hope that some soothing, comforting or devotional thoughts may be suggested to the readers, this volume is sent forth, in the spirit of the Church, asking for it God's Speed.

THE EDITOR.

ST. ANNE'S DAY, 1893.

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"The whole world without Art
Would be one great wilderness."

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ST. BERNARD WRITING THE PRAISES
OF THE VIRGIN.

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Angelus Domini.

✣ The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, and she conceived of the Holy Ghost.

Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with Thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy Word.

Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with Thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

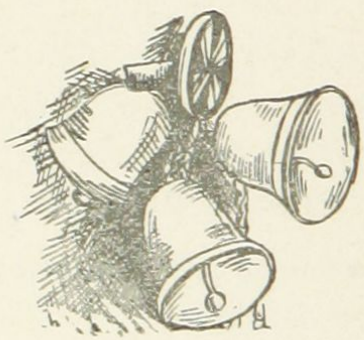
And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with Thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

PRAYER.

✠ Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy Grace into our hearts, that we, unto whom the Incarnation of Christ, Thy Son, was made known by the message of an Angel may, by His passion and cross, be brought to the glory of His resurrection, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



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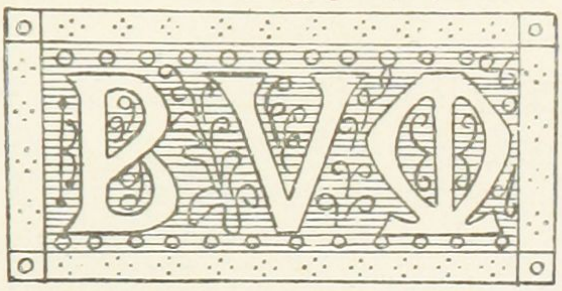
THE VIRGIN'S VISIT TO ST. BERNARD.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI.



The Virgin.

[INTRODUCTORY SELECTIONS IN PROSE.]

THE ABBOT ARNOLDUS BONEVALLIS SAYS:

"THOUGH I speak with the tongue of angels, I should not be able to say aught that is worthy of the glory of the holy and always Virgin Mary, the Mother of Christ, for there is no instrument qualified for sounding her praises, and dull is the finest sensibility."

From Writings of ST. AMEDUS, about A.D. 684 (Bead of Maestricht):

"THIS is the woman promised of old in Paradise, who by Divine power shall bruise the serpent's head. This illustrious, this blessed among women foretold before all others by the ancient fathers, and was typified by the Fire and the Bush, the Rod and its Blossom, the Dew and the Fleece. She is the Mystic Ark of the Covenant, the Golden Mercy Seat, Jacob's Ladder, the Rod of Jesse, the Throne of Solomon, the Bow of the Covenant, the God of Paradise. She is the Fountain that waters the whole earth, the Dawn that proceeds the True Sun."

In one of the homilies of St. Amedus on the Virgin, this passage occurs :

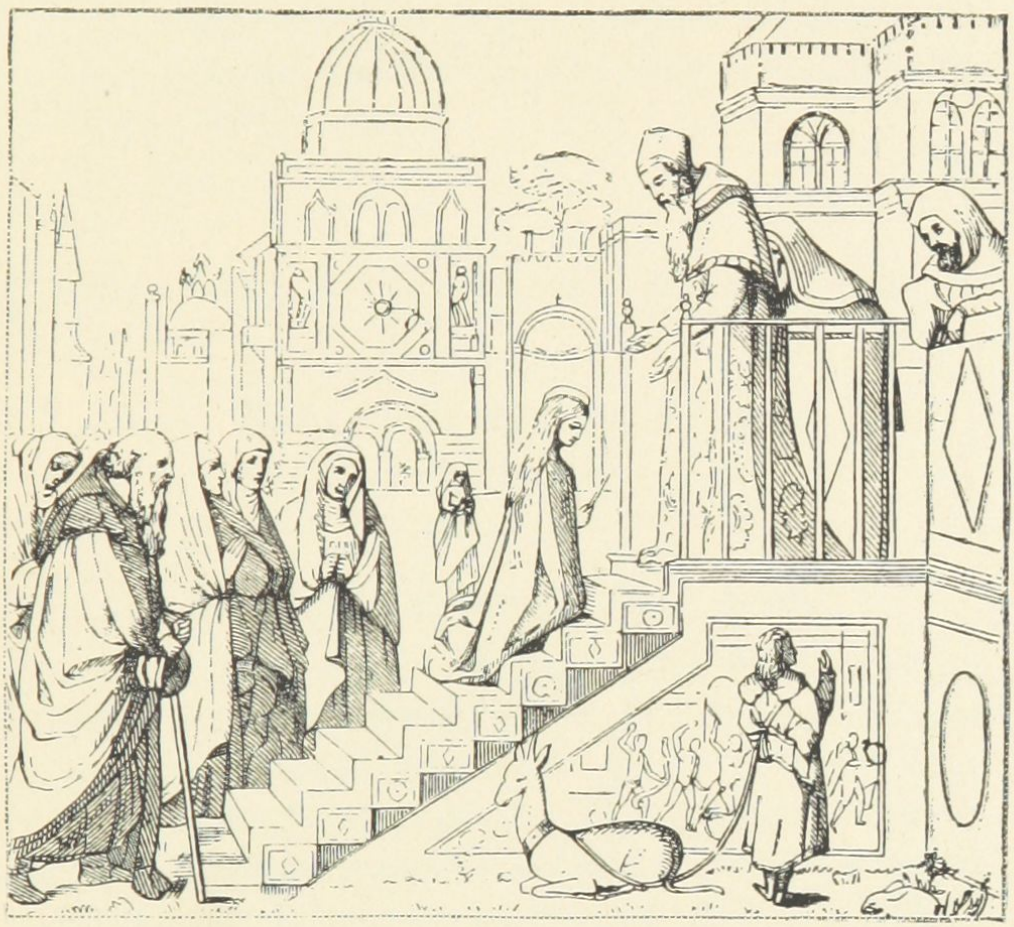
EVERY holy and reasonable mind investing the secret mysteries of heaven and distinguished between the order of superior spirits, finds that she, the blessed among women, is first after the Redeemer ; that she is full of God without losing her virginity."

From the Apocryphal History of the Nativity of Mary and the Infant Saviour, thus represents the virgin when a vestal at the Temple of Jerusalem :

HER face was shining as snow, and its brightness could hardly be borne ; angels brought food to her ; she was the most humble, pure, charitable, and perfect of all ; was never angry, never uttered a slander ; her words were full of grace, and the truth of God was ever on her lips ; her only nourishment was angelic food ; her conversation was with the angelic."

Nicephorus Callistus gives the following portrait of St. Mary :

MARY was in everything modest and earnest ; she spoke little, and then only about necessaries ; she was very courteous, and rendered to all honor and respect. She was of middle stature, though some assert her to have been somewhat taller. She spoke to all with engaging frankness, without laughing, without embarrassment, and especially without rancor. She had a pale tint, light hair, piercing eyes with yellowish olive-colored pupils. Her brows were



DEDICATION OF THE VIRGIN.

VITTORE CARPACCIO.

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arched, and moderately black, her nose moderately long, her lips fresh and full of amiability when speaking; her face was round, not pointed, but longish; hands and fingers fairly long. Finally, she was without pride, simple without guile; she had no insipidity about her, but was unassuming, in short, there was in all her ways divine grace."

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

BY

REV. THOMAS THELLUSON CARTER.

(Pub. 1871.)

"I will hear what God the Lord will speak."

THE peculiar value of Mary's example consists mainly in exhibiting to us the dispositions of heart requisite to co-operate with the grace of God; for in her we see the noblest creation of grace co-operating with the most transcendent act of the Divine condescension. And the same dispositions which rendered Mary capable of so exalted a destiny, must characterize all in their measure to whom God vouchsafes special gifts and calls of service; for whatever be the measure of grace, small or great, still the same principles of moral fitness must apply. It is no unmeaning coincidence that the Annunciation always falls so near Holy Week. The deep shadows of the Cross are cast back, and lie in the chamber of the Holy Conception.

The Annunciation.

By Rev. G. H. Houghton.

"And in the sixth month the Angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth."

ACCORDING to Holy Scripture and generally received tradition, this day, which the Church bids us hallow as the "Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary," the day on which the Angel Gabriel announced to her that she was to become the Mother of the Son of God, and consequently the day of the Incarnation of the Son of God—when He began to take upon Him our flesh and to become the Son of Man—is memorable as no other day for the several other events wherewith it is associated.

It was on this day, as many affirm, that the creation was first made and completed. It was on this day that man after the Deluge walked again for the first time upon renewed earth. It was on this day that the children of Israel were redeemed from the bondage of Egypt. And it was on this day, the day on which He became Incarnate, that four and thirty years after, the Son of God was crucified and slain for us men and for our salvation.

The Creation, the leaving of the Ark, the departure from Egypt, and the Crucifixion, by a common tradition, are thus associated with the Incarnation of

our only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who by taking upon Himself our flesh, redeemed us from bondage of sin, saved us from everlasting perdition and prepared the way for our possession of the renewed earth. The association of such and so many events with this day cannot fail to enhance to the highest our conception of the infinite dignity and importance of the event which we commemorate under the name of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the narrative of which we read in the Gospel appointed for the day. It is presumed by the Fathers and the early commentators on the Scriptures, that the Annunciation must have taken place at eventide, soon after sunset, at the hour since consecrated in the Roman Church as the "Ave Maria," as the bell which announces it is called the "Angelus."

According to the legendary story, combined with what we are told by St. Bernard, the Blessed Virgin had gone forth at evening to draw water from the fountain. While so engaged, she heard a voice which said: "Hail, thou that art highly favored!" Thereupon, being troubled, she looked to the right and to the left, and seeing no one, she returned to her house and began to read that portion of the prophecy of Isaiah which now serves as the Epistle for this day. As she recited the verse: "Behold! a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son," she thought within her heart, in her great humility: "How blessed the woman of whom these words are written! Would I might be but her handmaid to serve her, and to kiss her feet!" And then, as in an instant, the wondrous vision burst upon her,

and the holy prophecy was realized in herself. The Angel Gabriel stood before her to make known to her that which was to come to pass. . . . This Angel, the Archangel Gabriel, was *sent* from God. No merits of man, no importunities of sinners, no voice of supplication ascended to the Throne of God, drew this mercy down from on high; but God, moved only by His own love and compassion towards man, *gave* His only Begotten Son. . . .

It was to a city full of the habitations of men that this Angel was sent, in token that the mercy of God was for the many and not for the few.

It was to a city of Galilee, where Jew and Gentile mingled, that he was sent, inasmuch as both were to be united in one fold, and the salvation to be effected was for all sorts and conditions of men.

It was to Nazareth, a city of little repute, that the Angel was sent, in order that the lesson of humility might be taught us, that they who would have Christ dwelling in their hearts, must, like Him, be meek and lowly in life.

It was to a Virgin that the Angel was sent, that there might be neither taint nor sully of any sort in that which was to come to pass, that all might be of God, and that as woman alone had brought sin into the world, so she alone might bring salvation from sin.

It was to an espoused Virgin that the Angel was sent, to the end that her fame and honor might not suffer from the reproach of men, and that she might be under the care and guardianship of one who should defend and protect her.

This espoused Virgin was of the House of David, that the long ago prophecies might be fulfilled; she was so holy as to be worthy of the salutation of an Angel, and of being the Mother of the Saviour of the world. And yet was she so lowly as to be espoused to one who was no more than a poor carpenter.

Though then the highest of all grace was given to the Blessed Virgin in and by the act of the Incarnation of Christ, yet had she before that time grace, making her acceptable in the sight of God and causing her to be *thus* highly favored—*i. e.*, to be made the Mother of the Lord. . . .

Accepting the fact of the Incarnation, that it will certainly come to pass as thus unfolded by the Angel, with all its issues, the Blessed Virgin asks how God will accomplish that which it is beyond her power to comprehend? She is told that the Holy Ghost shall come upon her, making her meet and worthy to be the Mother of our Lord, and sanctifying the body which our Blessed Lord was to take to Himself, making it free from all taint and corruption of original sin.

By a reference to what had taken place in the case of her cousin Elizabeth, the Angel confirms to the Blessed Virgin the truth of what he had just announced to her, and with her answer the narrative of what took place as on this day concludes.

As then on Christmas Day it is our Lord's Nativity that we commemorate, and in so doing acknowledge our regeneration by adoption and grace, through the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, and pray for a daily renewal by the Holy Ghost: so on this day it is the

Incarnation of our Lord that we commemorate, and in so doing, while acknowledging that it has been made known to us by the Archangel Gabriel's message to the Blessed Virgin, we pray that by His Cross and Passion, we may be brought unto the glory of His Resurrection.

The Incarnation of our Lord is, then, the one grand doctrine and event of the day. This is it that we are to bear supremely in mind. This is it that we are to strive above all things else to honor. This are we to do in worship and in all that is done and said, by calling her blessed, by looking upon her as the holiest and purest of mortals, the fittest of all that have ever lived or shall ever live to be the Mother of our Lord, by giving unto her a filial reverence and love. But, chiefly and especially, is this to be done in the striving to imitate in our measure her holy and pure example, by receiving with the same implicit faith the great mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, by making our own a like obedience, a like humility, a like submission of the will in all things, a like keeping and pondering in the heart, rather than making known by the lips, the mysteries of our holy religion.

Annunciation of the B. V. M.

BY

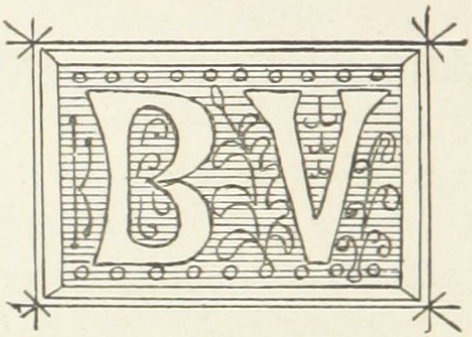
RT. REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., LL.D.

GOD'S great Angel was sent to the lowly village maiden. Out of all Eve's daughters she was foreknown, chosen, and prepared. Highly favored was she from whose body God the Son, by the power of the Holy Ghost, took His body, that in man's nature He might save man. Full of grace must she have been whom God gifted for so high a mission. She had loved and done God's will in her low estate. She was God's handmaid ready to be, and do, and suffer what God willed.

Only one could be blessed as Mary was. In her place of honor, as the Mother of Jesus, she was alone.

I fail to realize the great mystery of that joy. But her highest blessedness was not in this her own exaltation, rather that God the Son was made man to be her Saviour; her spiritual union was a loftier thing than even her wondrous human relationship.

I may know, indeed, that the Lord is with me, that Christ dwells in me, and I in Him. I may know that I am a partaker of the Divine nature, and a child of God, through Him who took human nature by becoming the Son of Mary. Let me yield myself to the Holy Spirit's influence; let me be ready to bear whatever reproach or sorrow may pierce through my soul, if I may be a means for working out God's ends of love to myself and to the world of sinners,



The Presentation of Christ,

OR

The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

BY

REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

"Holy to the Lord."

LET us turn this festival to account by taking it as the memorial day of Christ's visitation. Let us, from the events it celebrates, lay up deep in our hearts the recollection, how mysteriously little things are in this world connected with great; how single moments, improved or wasted, are the salvation or ruin of all-important interests. Let us fear to miss the Saviour, while Simeon and Anna find Him.

The Presentation of Christ, or the Purification of the B. V. M.

BY

BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE.

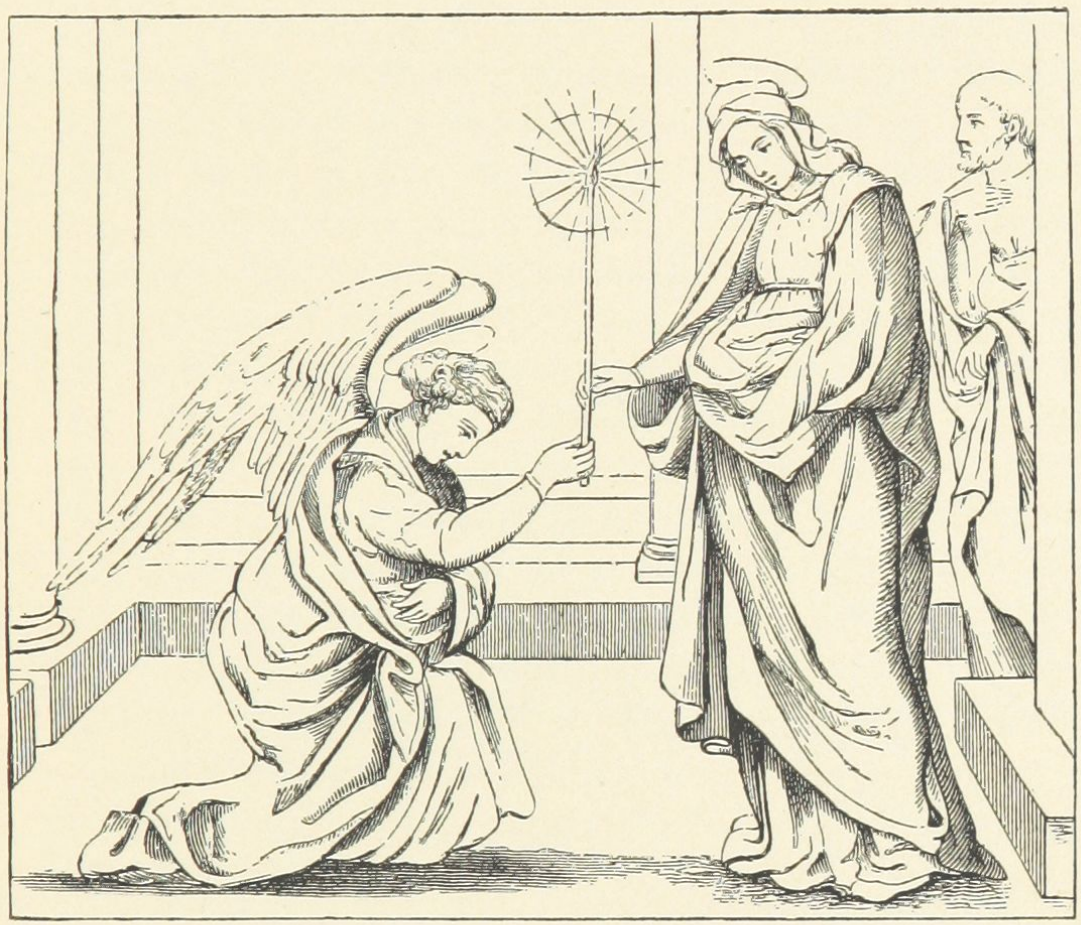
THE birth of Him who was the Son of God had no stain ; but the Mother of Jesus obeyed the law, and gave an offering for purification. The World's Redeemer was Himself presented to God, and redeemed with the gift required. He who was one with the Father presented Himself in His human nature as "the First-born among many brethren." In Him all who were to be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty were accepted and hallowed.

The Mother of my Lord sets me an example of lowly obedience to each rule of God's Church. It becomes me to fulfill all righteousness, meekly asking what God has said, not what trouble and cost I can safely spare myself. I grudge not the first and the best of what God gives. When I lay it before Him, I own that all I have is His by right ; and what good I enjoy is made better with His blessing.

The Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

By John Henry Newman.

SPEAKING of Our Lady's Assumption, Cardinal Newman says: "She died, but her death was a mere fact, not an effect; and when it was over it ceased to be. She died that she might live. It became Him who died for the world to die in the world's sight; it became the great sacrifice to be lifted up on high as a light that could not be hid. But she, the Lily of Eden, who has always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade, and amid the sweet flowers in which she lived. Her departure made no noise in the world. The Church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering; there were persecutions, there were martyrs, there were triumphs; at length the rumor spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon earth. Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics, but these were not; did she die at Ephesus, or did she die at Jerusalem? Reports varied, but her tomb could not be pointed out, or if it was found it was open; and instead of her fine, fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the ground she touched. And finally, the tradition was borne outward on the aromatic breeze, and it was said how that, when her dissolution was at



THE ANGEL ANNOUNCES TO THE VIRGIN
HER APPROACHING DEATH.

Fra Filippo Lippi.

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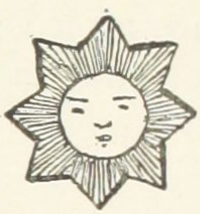
hand and her soul was to pass in triumph before the judgment seat of her Son, the Apostles were suddenly gathered together in one place, even in the Holy City, to bear part in the joyful ceremonial; how that they buried her with fitting rites; how that the third day, when they came to the tomb, they found it empty, and angelic choirs with their glad voices were heard singing day and night the glories of their risen Queen." Cardinal Newman further speaks: "This much cannot be doubted, from rhe current of the whole Catholic Church, and the revelations made to holy souls, that, as is befitting, she is soul and body with her Son and God in Heaven, and that we celebrate not only her death, but her Assumption. As the Resurrection of Our Blessed Lord is a pledge of our own glorious resurrection, so the triumphant Assumption of our Blessed Lady is a pledge of her intercessory power with her Divine Son. To celebrate the feast of the Assumption we may offer our Holy Communion that day, to beg the grace of being worthy of seeing the glory of the Blessed Virgin in Heaven."



The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

By Rev. Baring Gould.

IT is repugnant to Christian feeling to think that the body of the Blessed Mother of Jesus should have become a prey to worms; that Jesus, who ascended up into heaven in His human body, should suffer the flesh of His Mother to see corruption.

The natural instinct of the Christian heart proclaims the Assumption—that on the death of Our Lady, her Divine Son should have assumed her body and soul to His heavenly mansion. It is unnecessary to give the legend of the death of the Blessed Virgin, her burial by the Apostles and their discovery, on opening the tomb, that it was filled with lilies and roses, but that the body of Mary was gone, as it is a mere legend. In place of it I give a translation of a popular Flemish carol, sung on this day:

ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

TITIAN.

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Our Lady in Legend.

By Mary M. Meline.

HAIL, full of grace!" So spoke the Angel more than eighteen hundred years ago, and so speak to-day the myriad children of the Mighty Mother. And since that March day so long ago, she to whom these words were spoken, who supplemented them in her ecstatic humility with those other words: "Behold from henceforth—all generations shall call me blessed!" has fulfilled in a secondary manner the prophecy of Simeon—she has been set as a sign that has been contradicted. To the Catholic, Mary, the Mother of God, the Virgin of Virgins, the Help of Christians, the Refuge of Sinners, the Tower of Ivory, the Rose of Sharon, stands beside her Son ever prompting Him to forget His justice in His mercy. To love Mary, to be devoted to the increase and perpetuation of her honor, betokens a soul almost secure of salvation; to pray to Mary is to receive.

At the name of her the Catholic heart glows with love; at the thought of her the Catholic soul swells with awe. If our weak, redeemed nature had nothing else for which to thank God beside Mary's purity, exaltation, and glory, it would have need of the longest human life, and more, in which to make proper acknowledgment.

The legend of the marriage of Joseph and Mary is thus given in the Protevangelion and the History of Joseph the Carpenter: "When Mary was fourteen years old, the priest Zachariah inquired of the Lord concerning her, and an angel told him to call together all the widowers among the people, and let each bring his rod (or wand) in his hand, and he to whom the Lord shall show a sign, let him be the husband of Mary. And Zachariah did as the angel commanded, and Joseph the carpenter, a righteous man, throwing down his axe and taking his staff in his hand, ran out with the rest. When he appeared before the priest, and presented his rod, lo! a dove issued out of it, a dove as white as the snow, and after settling on his head, flew towards heaven. Then the high-priest said to him: 'Thou art the person chosen to take the Virgin of the Lord and to keep her for Him.' And Joseph was at first afraid, and drew back, but afterwards he took her home to his house, and said to her: 'Behold, I have taken thee from the temple of the Lord, and now I will leave thee in my house, for I must go and follow my trade of building. I will return to thee, and meanwhile the Lord be with thee and watch over thee.' So Joseph left her, and Mary remained in her home."

There is no mention of any marriage-ceremony; some have thought that there was only the betrothal, but for conclusive reasons the Church teaches that she was really married to him.

St. Jerome gives another tradition regarding this subject. Those who aspired to the honor of marrying

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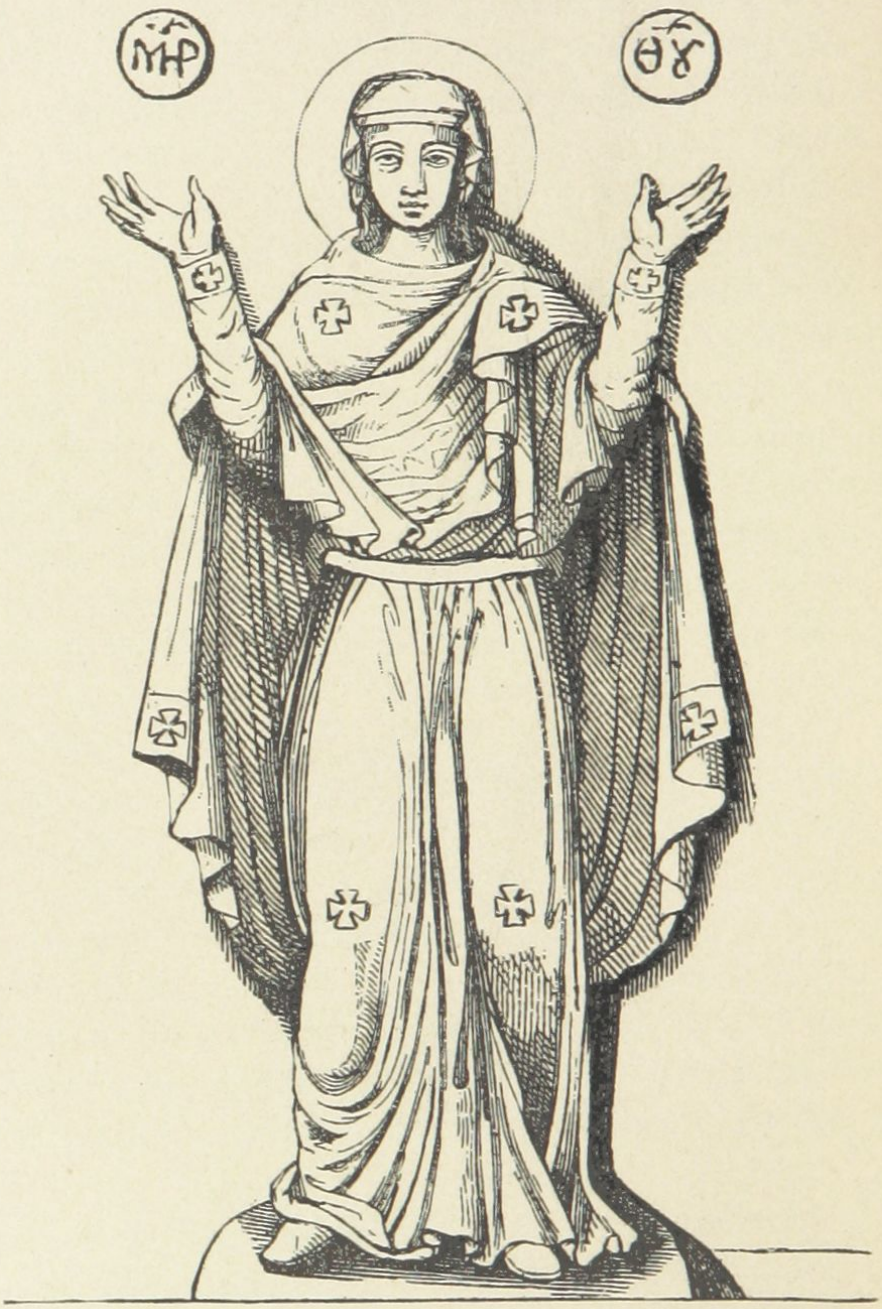


THE VIRGIN OF RAVENNA.

Greek Bas-relief, Sixth Century.

the consecrated "Virgin of the Lord," among whom was the son of the high-priest, deposited their wands in the temple over night, and the next morning the rod of Joseph was found to have budded forth into leaves and flowers. The suitors thereopon broke their wands in rage and despair; and one among them, a noble youth, became a Carmelite monk.

The Madonna in Legend.

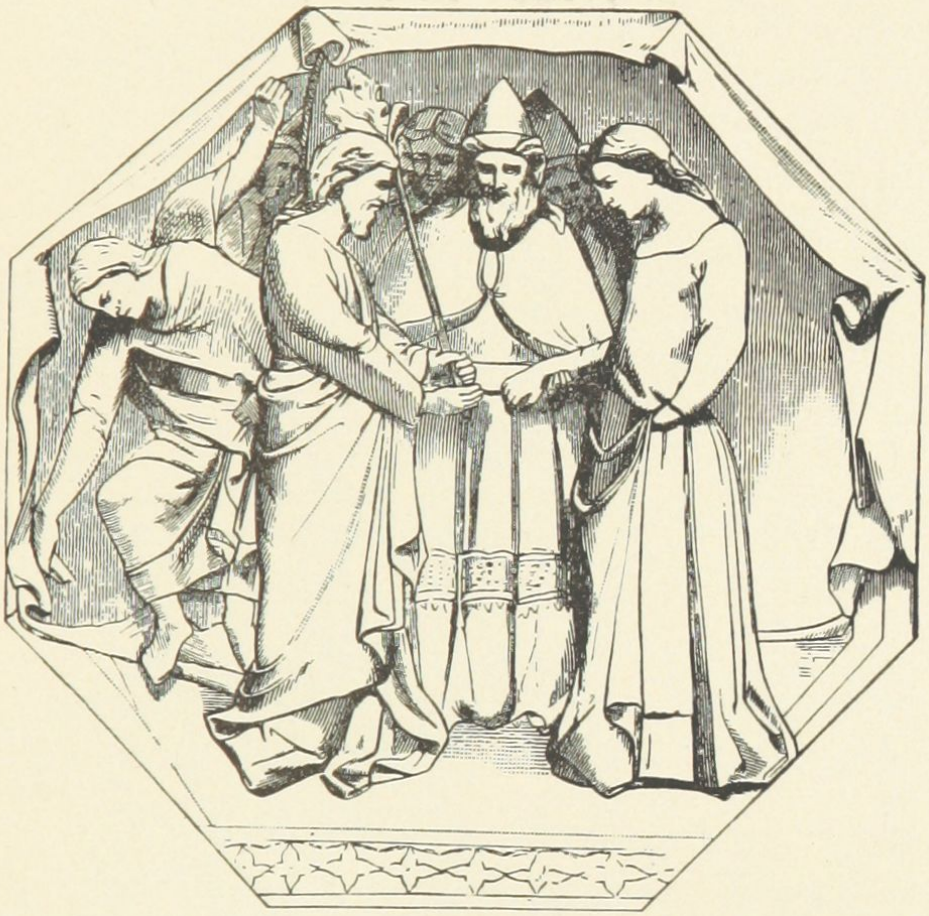
From "A Mirror of Fair Women."

By Theodore Child.

Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.

OF all the figures of the Christian epopee, that of the Virgin has most moved the heart and brain of man. . . In art and in legend alike, the Virgin is of enchanting presence and of inexhaustible significance. . . .

After the ceremony of the betrothal the legend represents Mary dwelling in her house at Galilee, together with the other virgins whom the high-priest had assigned to be with her. And when Mary and her companions left the Temple, the priest gave them silk, flax, purple, and precious stuffs, wherewith to weave a veil for the sanctuary. And the girls drew lots for the division of their task, and it fell to Mary to spin the purple, and the other virgins said to her: "How comes it to pass that you, being younger than we others, have deserved to receive the purple?" And in irony they called her the Queen of the Virgins. And whilst they were talking thus playfully amongst themselves, the Angel of the Lord appeared in the midst of them, and said: "Your words shall not have been spoken in mere derision, but they shall come to pass exactly." Then were they terrified by the pres-



THE BETROTHAL OF THE VIRGIN.

From Orcagna's Shrine, in Or San Michele.

After C. C. PERKINS.

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ence of the angel and by his words, and they began to beg Mary to pardon them and to pray for them.

Another legend relates more simply how, in the early days of her sojourn in Galilee, the Angel Gabriel was sent by God to tell Mary that she would conceive the Lord, and to expound to her the manner and the order of the conception. And when the angel entered the room where Mary dwelt, he filled it with a great light, and saluting her with great veneration, said: "I salute thee, Mary, Virgin of the Lord, very agreable to God, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; thou art blessed above all women and above all men hitherto born." And the Virgin, who was already familiar with the faces of the angels and accustomed to the celestial light, was not frightened when she saw the angel, nor astonished at the greatness of the light; but his speech alone troubled her, and she began to think what this extraordinary salutation could be and what it presaged.

Yet another variant represents Mary standing by the fountain when the Angel of the Lord appeared and said to her: "Hail, highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

Such, together with the narratives of the canonical gospels, are the elements out of which the painters have composed their beautiful renderings of the Annunciation, the angel holding the lily, and the Virgin bowing with resignation and respect: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

Feasts Relating to the B. V. M.

As Observed in the Roman Catholic Church.

FEBRUARY 2.

The Purification.

"Be devout and quiet, and Jesus will stay with you."—*Kempis.*

MARCH 25.

The Annunciation or Lady Day.

"Unto the humble He revealeth His secrets."—*Kempis.*

JULY 2.

The Visitation.

In commemoration of the visit of the B. V. M. to her cousin Elizabeth. This Feast was instituted by Urban VI. in 1389, and confirmed by Council of Basle in 1431.

"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure."

—*Keble.*

AUGUST 15.

The Assumption or Falling Asleep.

This Feast commemorates the death of the B. V. M. A common name for this festival in the Kalendar of the Eastern Church, is the Koimesis of the B. V. M. (a Greek word, meaning the Falling Asleep). The Roman Catholic Church teaches that her body, as well as her soul, was taken up to Heaven.

"If thou seek rest in this life, how wilt thou then obtain to everlasting rest."—*Kempis.*

SEPTEMBER 8.

The Nativity.

This Feast was instituted in 695, but not observed in England till 994.

"Sweet Morn! Thou Parent of the Son!
And Daughter of the same!
What joy and gladness, through thy birth,
This day to mortals come."

From the Latin, by Edward Caswall.

DECEMBER 8.

The Immaculate Conception.

This Feast was observed as early as the Seventh Century, but not enjoined till the Twelfth. The Council of Oxford, A.D. 1222, left its observance optional.

"My peace is with the humble and gentle of heart."—*Kempis.*

"Virgin most pure."—*Newman.*

The Names of the Virgin.

From the Meditation on the Litany of Loretto for the Month of May.

May 1—The Month of Promise.

May 2—The Month of Joy.

The Immaculate Conception.

(3) The Most Pure Virgin.

(4) The Virgin Who is to be Proclaimed.

(5) The Wonderful Mother.

(6) The House of Gold.

(7) The Lovable or Dear Mother.

(8) The Mystic Rose.

(9) The Holy Mary.

The Annunciation.

(10) The Queen of Angels.

(11) The Mirror of Justice.

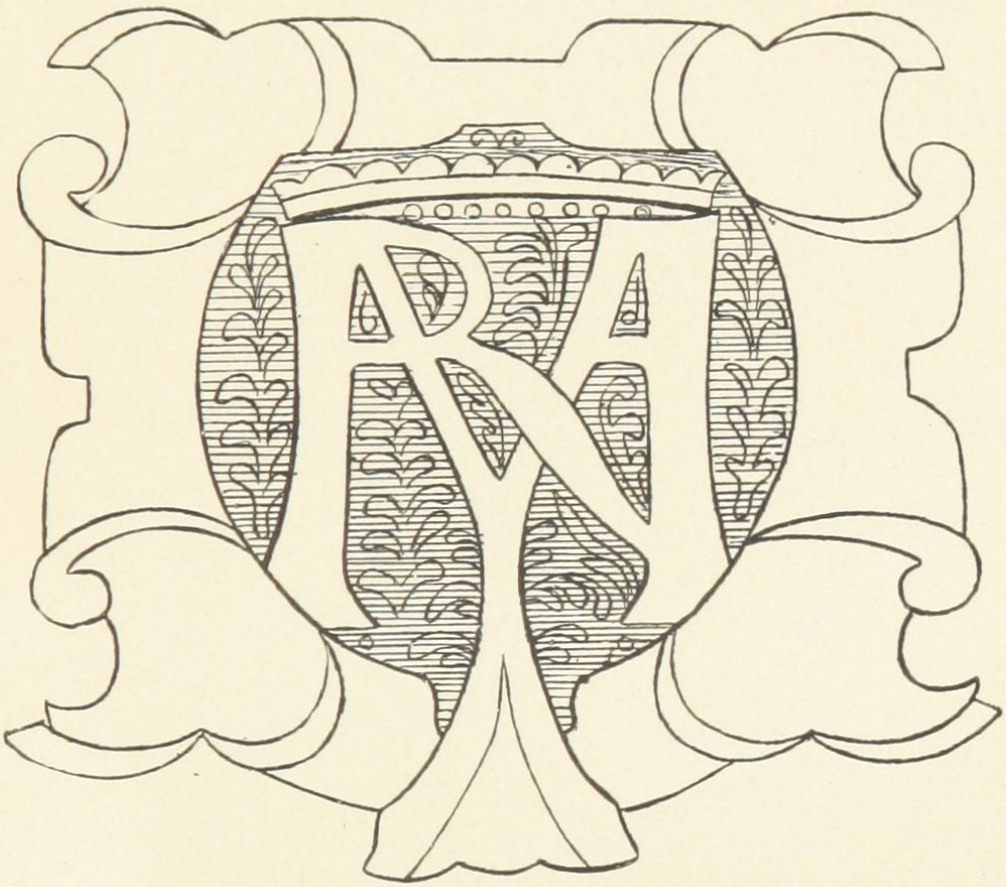
(12) The Seat of Wisdom.

(13) The Gate of Heaven.

(14) The Mother of Our Creator.

(15) The Mother of the Christ.

(16) The Mother of the Saviour.



NAME OF THE VIRGIN MARY, CROWNED.

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Our Lady's Dolours.

(17) The Queen of Martyrs.

(18) The Most Devout Virgin.

(19) The Vessel of Honor.

(20) The Spiritual Vessel.

(21) The Consoler of the Afflicted.

(22) The Most Prudent Virgin.

(23) The Tower of Ivory.

The Assumption.

(24) The Holy Mother of God.

(25) The Sinless Mother.

(26) The Mystical Rose.

(27) The Tower of David.

(28) The Powerful Virgin.

(29) The Help of Christians.

(30) The Most Faithful Virgin.

(31) The Morning Star.

"The woman who alone unfolded death's dark door,
The woman who alone did life and light restore."

Flower of Carmel ! flowering vine !
Shed thy gifts on us who are thine.
Virginal Mother ! Star of the Sea !
Glory of Heaven ! we cry to thee.

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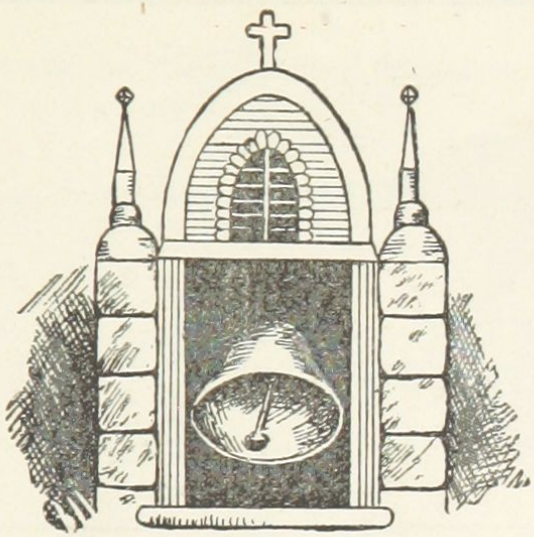
L' ANGELUS.

After Jean François Millet.

Hark ! dost thou hear the sound of the bell
Pulsating in the air?
Aye! its speech waking far and near, tell,
The call for prayer:
May all hearts that hear, obey,
And thus turn Godward, alway.

—*R. A. LaF.*



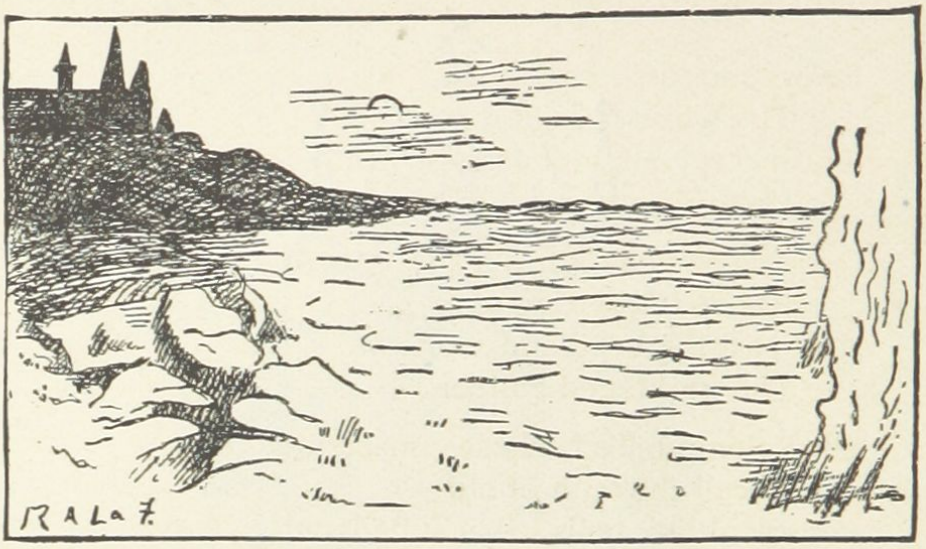
"L'Angelus."

ANONYMOUS.

CROSS the fields of toil there fall
The notes of yonder sunset bell;
To prayer its pleading accents call;
The hard hands slacken at its spell,
Dark faces bend in rapturous prayer,
And God's own presence calms the air.

Hard was the task and long the day.
Two hearts, that each the other's toil
Pity, what can they do but pray,
Above the black and labored soil,
When like a note from heaven's own towers
The soft bell wakes those evening hours?

Calm dewy eve and saffron sky
And holy notes that breathe around
Tell that the earth's repose is nigh,
Some eve an Angelus shall sound
With deeper welcome in their ears,
To end life's struggle, sweat and tears.



The Angelus.

By Francis Bret Harte.

Dedicated to the Mission Dolores, in San Francisco, Cal.

BELLS of the past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance!

I hear you call and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land!

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition,
Passes those airy walls.

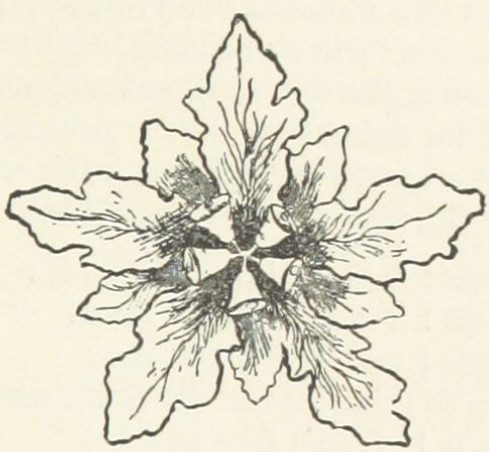
Born on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past.
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

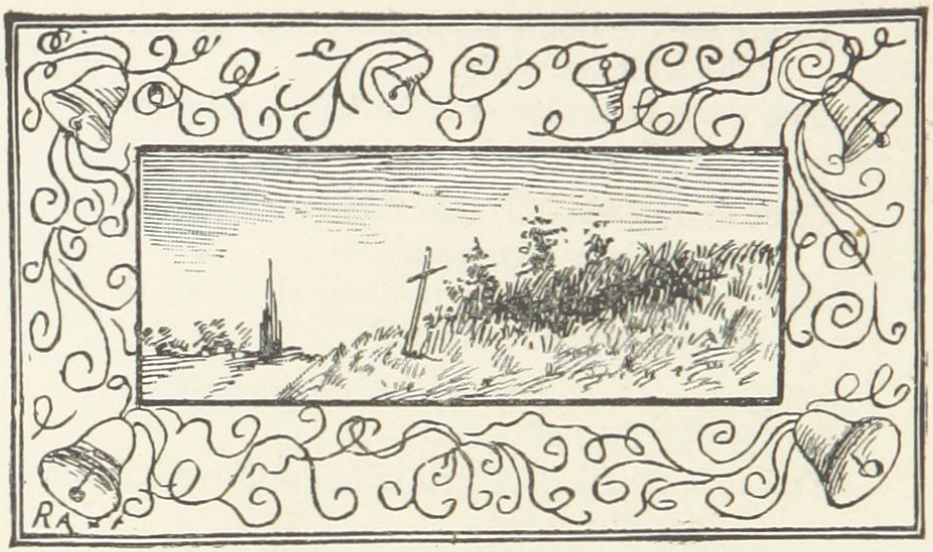
Before me the dome shaped mission towers,
The white presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun,
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The frightened galleon.

Oh, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
Oh, twinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold.

Your voices break, they falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still;
And, vailed and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill.





Ave Maria 1.

By George Gordon Byron.

Called forth at sunset by the bell "Angelus" from Don Juan.

AVE MARIA! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee!
Ave Maria! blessed be the hour.
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day—hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

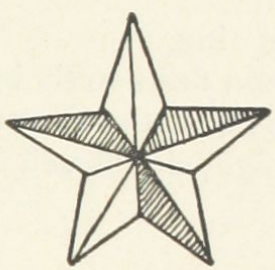
Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! O that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove,—
What though ''t is but a pictured image.'—strike,—
That painting is no idol,—'t is too like!

Mother of God.

(*Hymn.*)

By Edgar Allen Poe.

AT morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria ! thou hast heard my hymn !
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still !
When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee ;
Now, when the storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present, and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine !



The Vesper Bell.

(A Trio.)

(*From St. Gualberts, addressed to George H. Burnett.*)

THE Catholic who hears that Vesper bell,
How'er employed, must send a prayer to heaven
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
It well accords; and wert thou journeying there,
It would not hurt thee, George! to join that vesper prayer.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(*From a poem "A Picnic among the Ruins of Ostia."*)

And soft the pious Evening steals
To watch her fiery father's rest;
A whispered Ave seems her voice.
And one pure gem hangs on her breast.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Ring, ring, ring,
So the strain drifts softly by,
While the nuns at ev'ning sing
And the night clouds veil the sky.

H. W. WHAYMAN.

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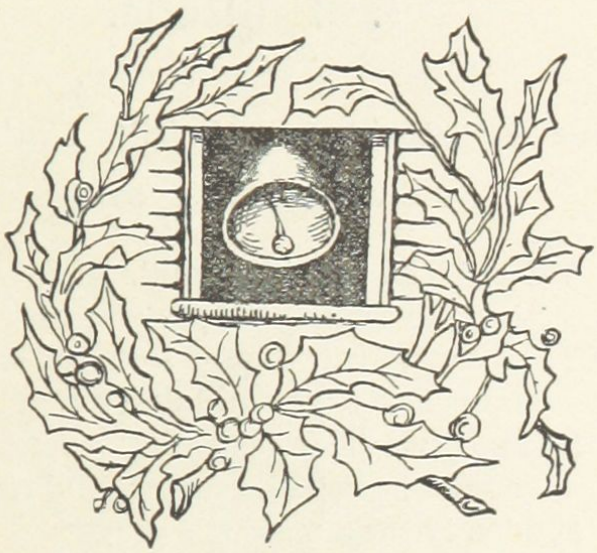
AVE MARIA.

After Don Carl Raupp.



Ave Maria 2.

AVE MARIA! 't is the evening hymn
Of many pilgrims on the land and sea;
Soon as the day withdraws, and two or three
Faint stars are burning, all whose eyes are dim.
With tears or watching, all of weary limb
Or troubled spirit yield the bended knee,
And find, O Virgin life, repose in thee.

PARSON.

As kneeling day by day,
We to our Father duteous pray,
So unforbidden we may speak
An *Ave* to Christ's Mother meek.

KEBLE.

Ave Maria.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

From the "Lady of the Lake." Canto III.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AVE MARIA! maiden mild,
Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear, though from the wild;
Thou canst save amid despair.
Soft may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother! hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maria! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! stainless styled,
Foul demons of the earth and air
From this their wonted hand exiled,
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria.

Vesper Hymn.

From "Guy of the Temple."

By John Hay.

MOTHER of God! as evening falls,
Upon the silent sea,
And shadows veil the mountain walls,
We lift our souls to thee!
From lurking perils of the night,
The desert's hidden harms,
From plagues that waste, from blows that smite,
Defend thy men-at-arms.

Mother of God! thy starry smile
Still bless us from above!
Keep pure our souls from passion's guile,
Our hearts from earthly love!
Still save each soul from guilt apart
As stainless as each sword;
And guard undimmed in every heart
The image of our Lord!

In desert march or battle's flame,
In fortress and in field,
Our war-cry is thy holy name,
Thy love our joy and shield!
And if we falter, let thy power
Thy stern avenger be,
And God forget us in that hour
We cease to think of thee!

Mother of God! the evening fades
On wave and hill and lea,
And in the twilight's deepening shades
We lift our souls to thee!
In passion's stress—the battle's strife,
The desert's lurking harms.
Maid-Mother of the Lord of Life
Protect thy men-at-arms!

The Virgin.

(*A Trio.*)

IS thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth, and half of heaven.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Lines placed by Milton in the mouth of our Saviour; an allusion to the influence of His Mother in early life:

"These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,
By words at times cast forth only rejoiced,
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts,
O Son; but nourish them, and let them soar
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high."

"ST. AGNUS EVE."

Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary; and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight from heaven without a death
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

SIR RICHARD GOODWIN KEATS.

Fading, Still Fading.

By John Henry Newman.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Ave Maria ! day is declining ;
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth in the night ;
From the fall of the shade, till the matin shall chime,
Shield us from danger, and save us from crime.

Ave Maria, Ave Maria, Ave Maria.

AVE MARIA, O hear when we call !
Mother of Him who is Saviour of all !
Feeble and fearing, we trust in thy might ;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light ;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns.
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.
Ave Maria, Ave Maria, Ave Maria, audi nos!

THERE is a vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their care;
And these embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them pure as first received
From God above to mankind below.

ROBERT BROWNING.

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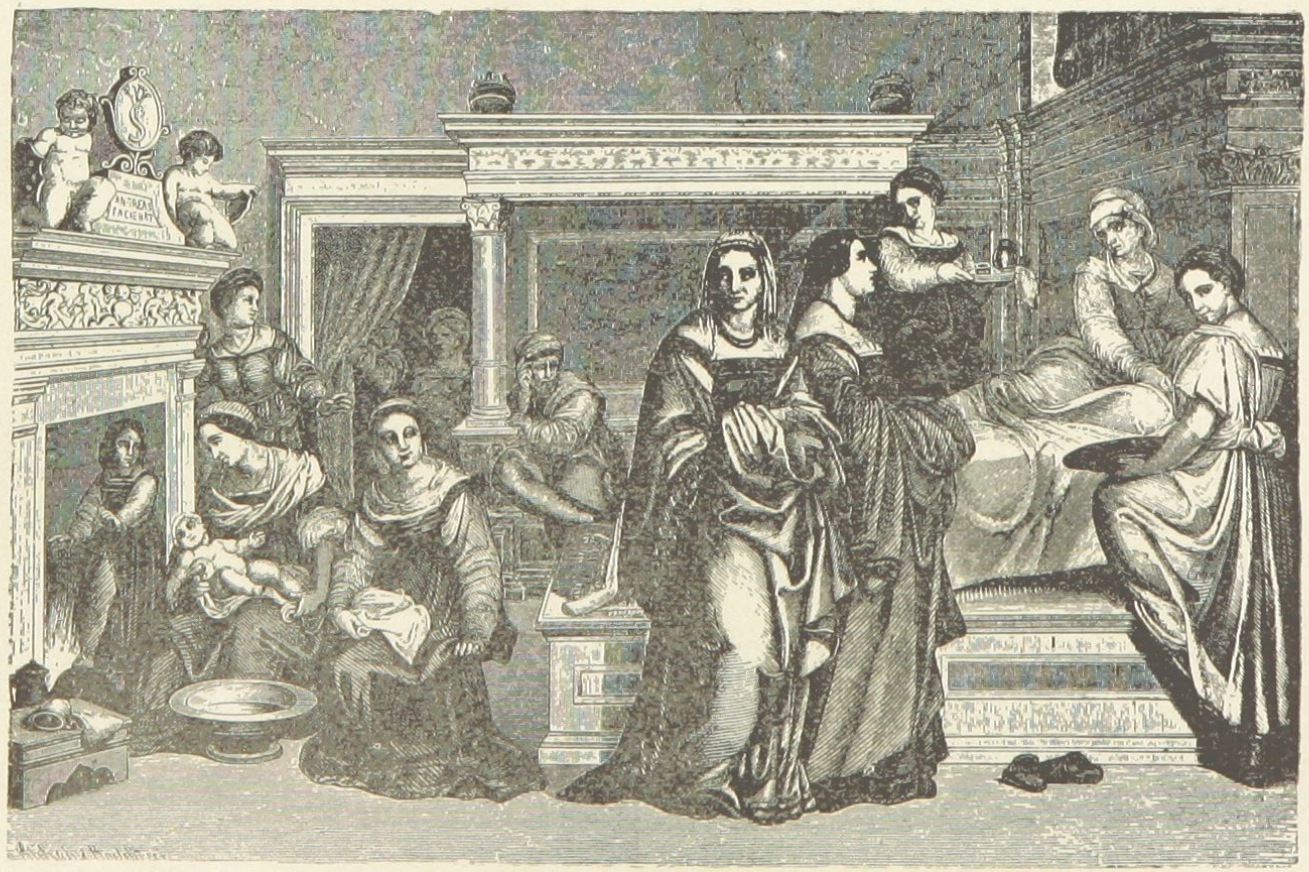

THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN.

By Andrea del Sarto.

In the Convent of the Servi, Florence.

Group of Ancestors of the B. V. M. by MICHAEL ANGELO.

The Mother of Jesus.

Our Lady's Nativity.

BY HENRY A. RAMES, O. S. C.

WHEN September's sun was shining
On the corn-clad mountain side—
When Engaddi's lovely vineyards
Shine in green and purple pride—
When the broadening moon in Autumn
Saw the harvest gathered in—
Then there came the Prince's Daughter,
Mary, without stain of sin.

From the crest of sunlit mountains,
Standing in a desert wild,
Came our Lord's predestined Mother—
Came the sin-destroying child.
Light unearthly burns around her,
Sign of more than man can see ;
Joachim and Anna wonder
What this mystery can be.

From the world such welcome glory
Till that hour was never seen,
When the Heaven-sent Angels, watching,
Knelt around their infant Queen :
Legions of victorious Angels
Guard her with their wings outspread ;
Purer light than theirs is shining
From her little star-crowned head.

Not as Jesus came, came Mary,
In the wintry days of snow ;
But amid the yellow harvest,
In the Autumn's golden glow.
Thus September, heavy fruited,
Clad in russet, brown and green,
Gave the world its sinless Daughter—
Gave the Church her sun-clothed Queen.

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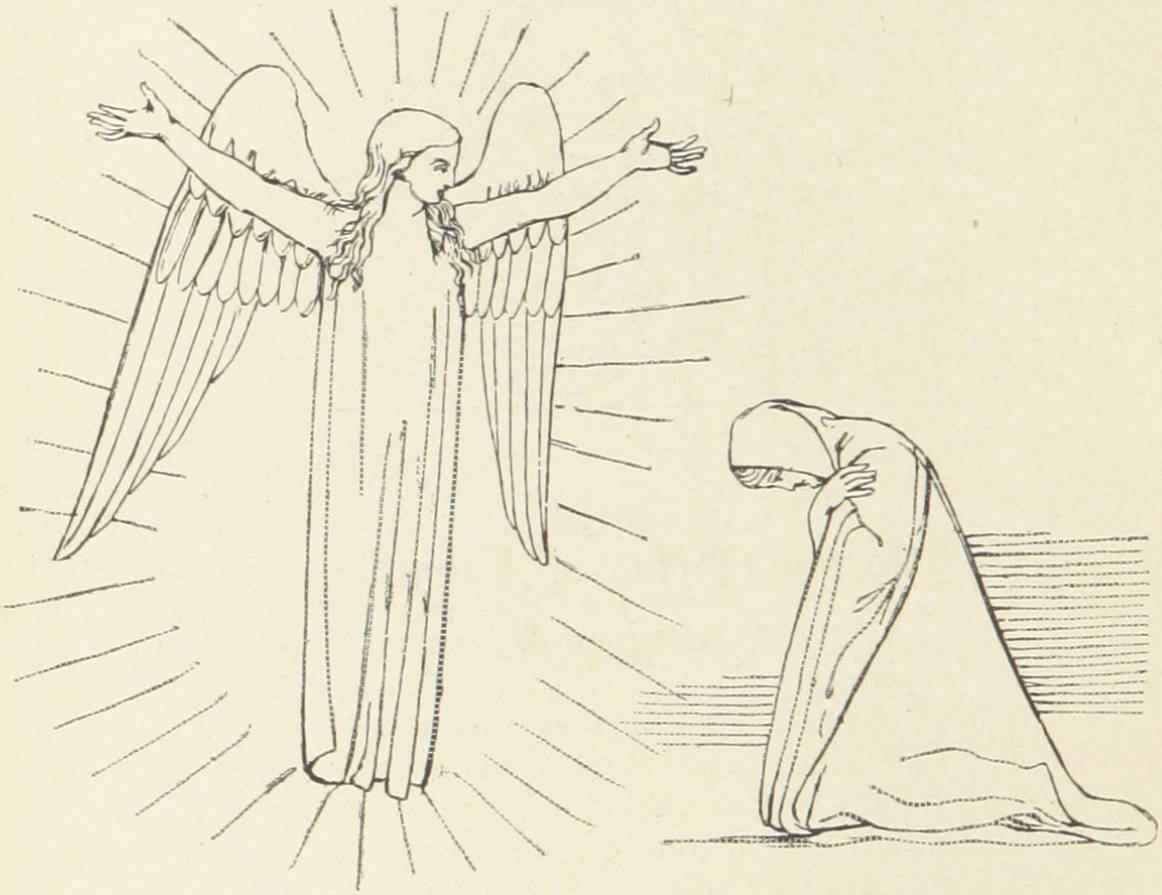


THE ANNUNCIATION.

FLAXMAN.

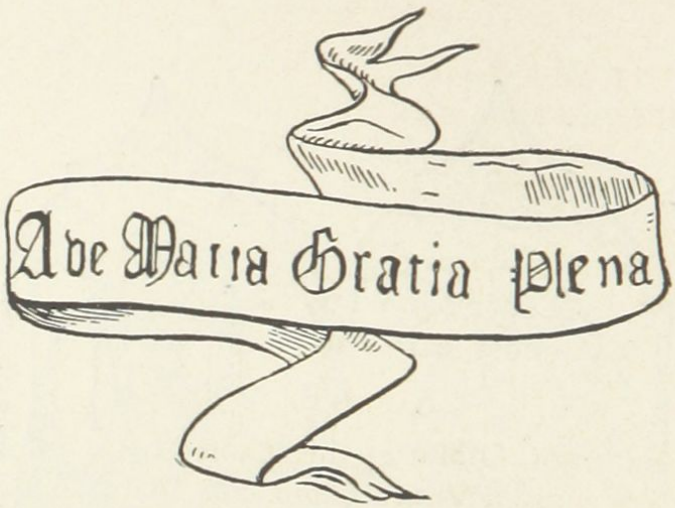
" The angel who came down to earth with tidings of the peace, so many years wept for in vain."

Annunciation. LOREN MONACO.

Mary's Virtue of Humility.

By Alleghiere Dante.

THE Angel (who came down to earth
With tidings of the peace so many years
Wept for in vain, that ope'd the heavenly gates
From their long interdict) before us seem'd
In a sweet act, so sculptur'd to the life,
He look'd no silent image. One had sworn
He had said "Hail!" for SHE was imag'd there,
By whom the key did open to God's love;
And in her act as sensible imprest
That word: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord,
As figure seal'd on wax."



Mary at the Well.

From the "Golden Legend of the Nativity."

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MARY.

ALONG the garden walk, and thence
Through the wicket in the garden fence,
I steal with quiet pace,
My pitcher at the well to fill,
That lies so deep and cool and still
In this sequestered spot.

These sycamores keep guard around;
I see no face, I hear no sound,
Save bubblings of the spring,
And my companions who within
The threads of gold and scarlet spin,
And at their labor sing.

THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Hail, Virgin Mary full of grace,

MARY.

Who is it speaking in this place,
With such a gentle voice!

GABRIEL.

The Lord of Heaven is with thee now!
Blessed among all women thou,
Who art his holy choice!

MARY.

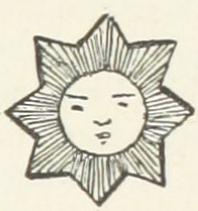
What can this mean? no one is near.
And yet such sacred words I hear,
I almost fear to stay.

GABRIEL.

Fear not, O Mary! but believe!
For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive
A child this very day.
Fear not, O Mary! from the sky
The majesty of the Most High!
Shall overshadow thee!

MARY.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
According to the holy word,
So be it unto me!



ANGEL GABRIEL BY VAN EYCK.

Sonnet.

By OSCAR O'FLAHERTIE FINGAL WILLIS WILD.

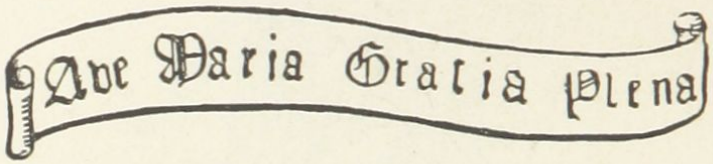
WAS this His coming! I had hoped to see
A scene of wondrous glory, as was told,
Of some great God who in a rain of gold
Broke open bars and fell on Danal:
Or a dread vision as when Semele
Sickening for love and unappeased desire,
Pray to see God's clear body and the fire
Caught her white limbs and slew her utterly!
With such glad dreams I sought this holy place,
And now with wondering eyes and heart I stand
Before this supreme mystery of Love:
A kneeling girl with passionless pale face,
An Angel with a lily in his hand,
And over both with outstretched wings, the Dove.

SANTA MARIA VIRGENE GUIDO.

The Virgin's Loveliness.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THIS is that blessed Mary pre-elect,
God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
Faithful and hopeful, wise in charity,
Strong in grave peace, in pity circumspect.



Words Addressed to the Virgin.

By Dante Gabriel Rosetti.

MIND'ST thou not (when June's heavy breath
Warmed the long days in Nazareth)
That ere thou didst go forth to give
Thy flowers some drink that they might live
One faint night more amid the sands?
Far off the trees were as pale wands
Against the fervid sky; the sea
Sighed further off eternally,
As human sorrow sighs in sleep.
Then suddenly the awe grew deep,
As of a day to which all days
Were foot-steps in God's secret ways:
Until a folding sense, like prayer,
Which is, as God is, everywhere,
Gathered about thee; and a voice
Spake to thee without any noise,
Being of the silence:—"Hail," it said;
"Thou that art highly favoured;
The Lord is with thee here and now;
Blessed among all women thou."

Annunciation. A. DEL SARTO.

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

By Felicia Hemans.

LOVELIEST of women, and most glorified !
In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone.
A brightness round thee grew, and by thy side,
Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,
Solemn, yet breathing gladness. From her throne
A queen had risen with more imperial eye,
A stately prophetess of victory
From her proud lyre had struck a temper's tone,
For such high tidings as to thee were brought,
Chosen of Heaven ! that hour ; hast thou, O thou !
E'en as a flower with gracious ruins o'erfraught,
Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,
And own thyself the handmaid of the Lord.

The Annunciation.

By John Keble.

"*And the angel came in unto her and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with Thee; blessed art thou among women.*"

O THOU who deign'st to sympathize
With all our frail and fleshly ties,
Maker yet Brother dear,
Forgive the too presumptuous thought,
If, calming wayward grief, I sought
To gaze on Thee too near.

Yet sure 'twas not presumption, Lord,
'Twas Thine own comfortable word
That made the lesson known:
Of all the dearest bonds we prove,
Thou countest sons' and mothers' love
Most sacred, most Thine own.

When wandering here a little span,
Thou took'st on Thee to rescue man,
Thou hadst no earthly sire:
That wedded love we prize so dear,
As if our heaven and home were here,
It lit in Thee no fire.

On no sweet sister's faithful breast
Wouldst Thou Thine aching forehead rest,
    On no kind brother lean :
But who, O perfect, filial heart
E'er did like Thee a true son's part,
    Endearing, firm, serene !

Thou wept'st, meek maiden, mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
    Thy very heart was riven :
And yet what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
    By all on this side Heaven !

A Son that never did amiss,
That never sham'd His Mother's kiss,
    Nor crossed her fondest prayer :
Even from the tree he deign'd to bow
For her His agonized brow,
    Her, His sole earthly care.

Ave Maria ! blessed Maid !
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade !
    Who can express the love
That nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
    For Jesus' holy love.

Ave Maria ! Mother blest,
To whom, caressing and caress'd,
    Clings the Eternal Child ;
Favor'd beyond Archangels' dream,
When first on thee with tenderest gleam,
    Thy new-born Saviour smil'd :

Ave Maria ! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine ;
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

Bless'd is the womb that bore Him—bless'd
The bosom where His lips were press'd,
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear His word and keep it well,
The living homes where Christ shall dwell,
And never pass away.

The Angel's Message to Mary.

By Author of "Peep of Day."

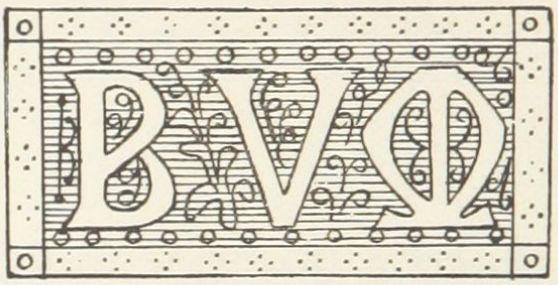
I WONDER not that Mary first found
When Gabriel to her appeared;
How could she know he came to bring
So sweet a message from his King?

Full long the Son in heaven had stayed,
Since first the promise had been made,
To shed His blood for Adam's sin,
And happiness for men to win.

But yet her Son had ne'er forgot,
And what He said He changed not;
The time was come He should be born,
And in this world should live forlorn.

Mary shall be Thy mother dear,
Who in her arms the child shall bear;
The Angel came this news to bring,
And Mary listened wondering.

And shall the Lord a poor maid choose,
And all the great and rich refuse?
But God high honors love to place
On those who humbly seek his face.



For the B. V. M.

(*Translated from the Latin.*)

By J. M. Neale.

"*Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.*"

THE God, whom earth, and sea, and sky,
Adore, and laud, and magnify,
Whose might they own, whose praise they swell,
In Mary's womb vouchsafed to dwell.

The Lord, whom sun and moon obey,
Whom all things serve from day to day,
Was by the Holy Ghost conceived
Of her who through His grace believed.

How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The world's Creator, Lord Divine,
Whose hand contains the earth and sky,
Once deigned, as in His ark, to lie;

Blest in the message Gabriel brought,
Blest by the work the Spirit wrought;
From whom the great Desire of earth
Took human flesh and human birth.

O Lord, the Virgin-born, to Thee
Eternal praise and glory be,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Amen.

The Annunciation.

(*Translated by J. M. Neale.*)

By Adam of St. Victor.

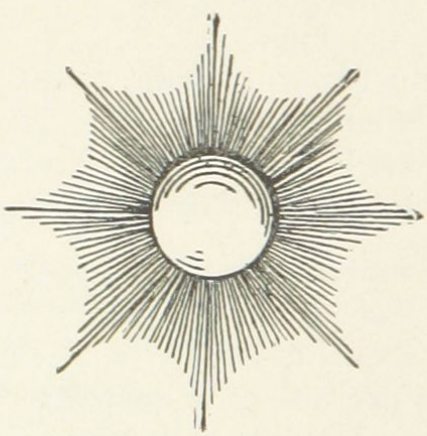
GABRIEL from the Heaven descending,
On the faithful Word attending,
Is in holy converse blending
With the Virgin full of grace:
That good word and sweet he plighteth
In the bosom where it lighteth,
And for Eva Ave writeth,
Changing Eva's name and race.

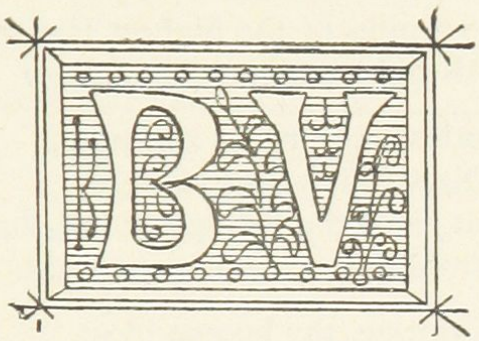
At the promise that he sendeth
God the Incarnate Word descendeth;
Yet no carnal touch offendeth
Her the undefiled one,
She without a father, beareth,
She no bridal union shareth
And a painless birth declareth
That she bore the Royal Son.

Tale that wondering search entices!
But believe—and that suffices;
It is not for man's devices
Here to pry with gaze unmeet:
High the sign, its place assuming
In the bush the unconsuming,
Mortal, veil thine eyes presuming,
Loose thy shoes from off thy feet.

As the rod, by wondrous power,
Moistened not by dew or shower,
Bear the almond and the flower,
Thus He came the Virgin's Fruit :
Hail the Fruit, O world, with gladness !
Fruit of joy and not of sadness !
Adam had not lapsed to madness
Had he tasted of its shoot.

Jesus, kind above all other,
Gentle Child of gentle Mother,
In the stable born our Brother,
Whom the angelic hosts adore :
He, once cradled in a manger,
Heal our sin and calm our danger ;
For our life, to this world stranger,
Is in peril evermore.





The Purification.

By John Keble.

"*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*"

BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Might mortal thought presume
To guess an angel's lay,
Such are the notes that echo through
The courts of Heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal hymns
On Sion's Prince that wait,
In high procession passing on
Towards His temple-gate.

Give ear, ye kings—bow down,
Ye rulers of the earth—
This, this is He ; your Priest by grace,
Your God and King by birth.

No pomp of earthly guards
Attends with sword and spear,
And all-defying, dauntless look
Their monarch's way to clear.

Yet are there more with Him
Than all that are with you—
The armies of the highest Heaven,
All righteous, good and true.

Spotless their robes and pure,
Dipp'd in the sea of light,
That hides the unapproached shrine
From men's and angels' sight.

His throne, thy bosom blest,
O Mother undefil'd,
That throne, if aught beneath the skies,
Beseems the sinless child.

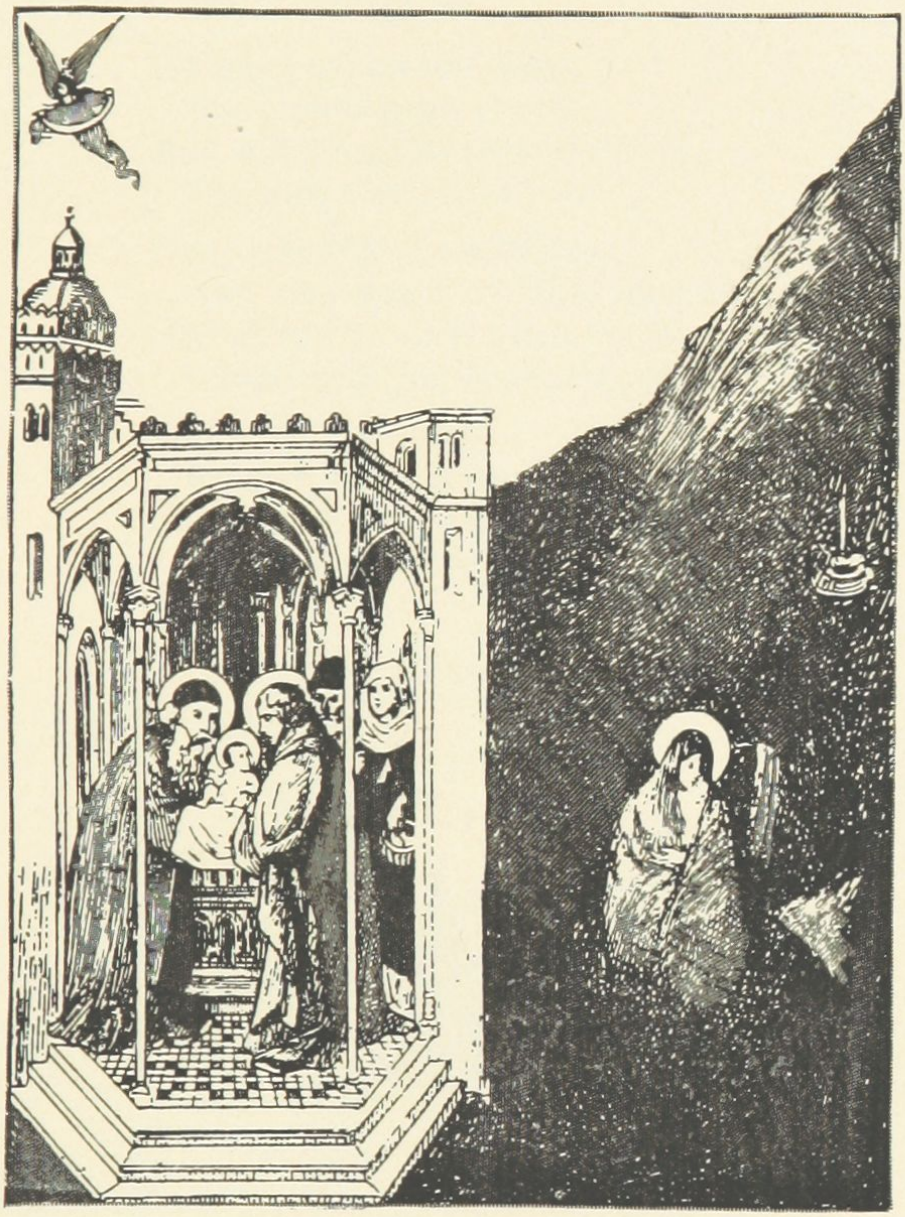
Lost in high thoughts, "whose son
The wondrous Babe might prove,"
Her guileless husband walks beside,
Bearing the hallow'd dove;

Meet emblem of his vow,
Who, on this happy day,
His dove-like soul—best sacrifice—
Did on God's altar lay.

But who is he, by years
Bow'd, but erect in heart,
Whose prayers are struggling with his tears?
"Lord, let me now depart.

"Now hath Thy servant seen
"Thy saving health, O Lord;
"'Tis time that I depart in peace,
"According to Thy word."

Yet swells the pomp: one more
Comes forth to bless her God;
Full fourscore years, meek widow, she
Her heavenward way hath trod.



THE PRESENTATION AND FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

By Melchoir Broederdam.

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12 JY 94
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She who to earthly joys
So long had given farewell,
Now sees, unlook'd for, Heaven on earth,
Christ in His Isael.

Wide open from that hour
The temple-gates are set,
And still the saints rejoicing there
The holy Child have met.

Now, count His train to-day,
And who may meet Him, learn :
Him child-like sires, meek maidens find,
Where pride can nought discern.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

St. Mary.

"But Mary kept all these things in her heart."—From the German of Spittia.

THE cradle which the world had drest,
To be her Lord; first place of rest,
Is this poor manger hard and rude,
The little Child sleeps on the wood,
What dost thou ponder, Mary?

The Lord of Glory's dying bed
Two rafters that are crossways laid;
One touches earth, but points the skies,
While right and left the other lies,
Why art thou weeping, Mary?

To thee this wondrous Child was born,
From thee this sinless Son was torn;
Yet, had the Babe for thee not smiled;
Yet, had the Cross not claimed thy Child
What wert thou now, O Mary?

The Virgin.

By Reginald Heber.

VIRGIN-BORN, we bow before thee;
Blessed was the womb that bore thee;
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the breast that fed thee;
Blessed was the hand that led thee;
Blessed was the parent's eye
That watched thy slumbering infancy.

Blessed she by all creation
Who brought forth the world's salvation.
And blessed they—forever blest—
Who loves thee most and serves thee best.

Virgin-born, we bow before thee;
Blessed was the womb that bore thee;
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

Angel Gabriel by Wilhelm of Cologne (1440).

The Annunciation.

By Adelaide Anne Procter.

HOW pure, and frail, and white,
The snow-drops shine!
Gather a garland bright
For Mary's shrine.

For, born of winter snows,
These fragile flowers
Are gifts to our fair Queen
From spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day,
She knelt at prayer;
When, lo! before her shone
An Angel! fair.

"Hail Mary!" thus he cried,
With reverent fear:
She, with sweet wondering eyes,
Marvelled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of Heaven!
Be silent, Earth!
And hear an Angel tell
Of Jesus' birth.

While she, whom Gabriel hails
As full of grace,
Listens with humble faith
In her sweet face.

Be still, Pride, War, and Pomp,
Vain Hopes, vain Fears,
For now an Angel speaks,
And Mary hears.

"Hail Mary!" lo, it rings
Through ages on;
"Hail Mary!" it shall sound,
Till Time is done.

"Hail Mary!" infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
"Hail Mary!" with faint smile
The dying say.

"Hail Mary!" many a heart
Broken with grief,
In that angelic prayer
Was found relief.

And many a half-lost soul,
When turned at bay,
With those triumphant words
Has won the day.

Hail Mary, Queen of Heaven!
Let us repeat,
And place our snow-drop wreath
Here at her feet.

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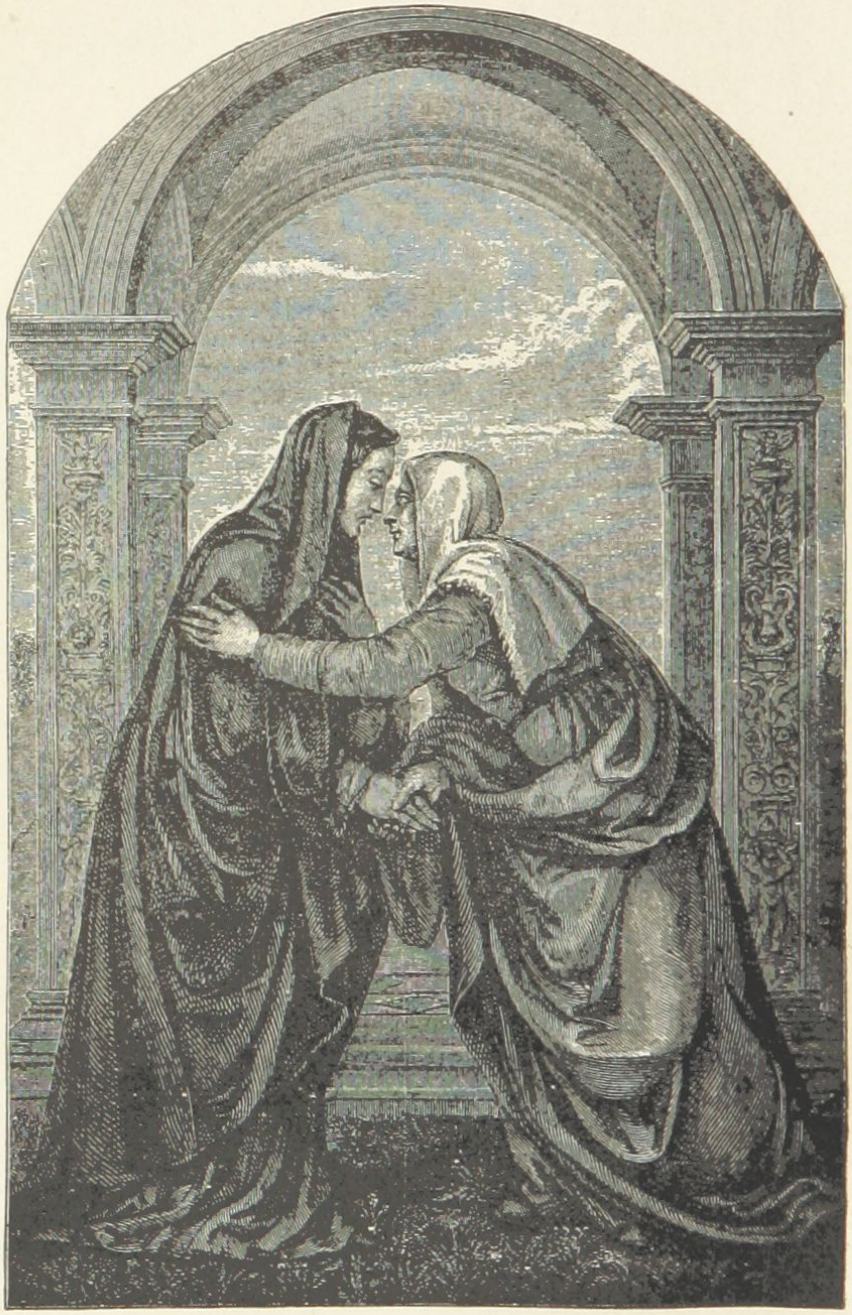


THE VISITATION OF THE VIRGIN
TO SAINT ELIZABETH.

ALBERTINELLI.

In the Uffizi, Florence.

THE VISITATION BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

Visitation of the B. V. Mary.

BY EDWARD CASWALL.

Hymn.

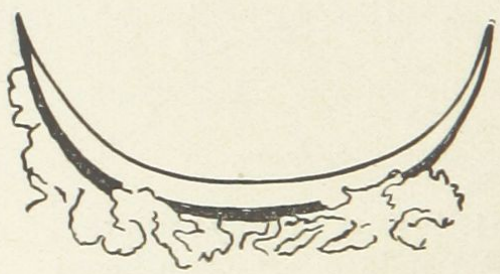
WHITHER thus, in holy rapture
Royal Maiden, art Thou bent!
Why so fleetly art Thou speeding
Up the mountain's rough ascent?

Fill'd with the eternal Godhead!
Glowing with the Spirit's flame!
Love it is that bears Thee onward,
And supports thy tender flame.

Lo! thine aged cousin claims Thee,
Claims thy sympathy and care;
God her shame from her hath taken;
He hath heard her fervent prayer.

Blessed Mothers ! joyful meeting !
Thou in her, the hand of God,
She in Thee, with lips inspired,
Owns the Mother of her Lord.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin, Son !
With the Father and the Spirit
While eternal ages run.



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THE VIRGIN IN THE ACT OF WRITING THE MAGNIFICAT.

"My Soul doth magnify the Lord."

BOTTICELLI.

Evening Song.

In the Virgin's Own Words, as Preserved in the

MAGNIFICAT.

✠ My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever. Amen.

THE NATIVITY BY LORENZO DI CREDI.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

BY JOHN MILTON.

First Verse.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For the holy sages once did sing—
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

By Jerome Bosch.

Museum of Madrid.

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Hymn on the Nativity.

By John Milton.

Last Verse

BUT see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest—
Time is our tedious song should here have an ending ;
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

Holy Family.

By Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

O CHILD of beauty rare—
O mother chaste and fair—
How happy seemed they both, so far beyond compare !
She in her infant blest,
And He in conscious rest,
Nestling within the soft, warm cradle of her breast !
What joy that sight might bear
To him who sees them there,
If, with a pure and quiet untroubled eye,
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.

HOLY FAMILY BY SOLARIO.

To the Infant Jesus.

BY EDWARD CASWALL.

"But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest."

MILTON.

SLEEP, Holy babe,
Upon thy mother's breast;
Great lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see thee lie
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Holy babe,
Thine angels watch around,
All bended low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of Kings
In reverent awe profound.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS. ("La Notte.")

By CORREGGIO.

In the Dresden Gallery.

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Sleep, Holy babe,
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy babe;
Ah! take thy brief repose:
Too quickly will thy slumbers break,
And thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

Then must those hands
Which now so fair I see,
Those little pearly feet of thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me!

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live.

The Virgin's Cradle Hymn.

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Copied from a print of the Virgin in a Roman Catholic village in Germany.

SLEEP, sweet babe! my cares beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling:
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

The Babe of Bethlehem.

By Frederick William Faber, D.D.

WHEN Mary bids thee sleep thou sleepest,
Thou wakest when she calls,
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

When Joseph takes thee in his arms
And smoothes thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

Yes, dearest babe! those tiny hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all this mighty world
This very moment bear.

While thou art clasping Mary's neck
In timid, tight embrace,
The boldest seraphs veil themselves
Before thine infant face.

When Mary hath appeased thy thirst,
And hushed Thy feeble cry,
The hearts of men lie open still
Before Thy slumbering eye.

O dear, O wakeful-hearted child!
Sleep on, dear Jesus, sleep!
For thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.

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THE MADONNA.

By Francia.

Cradle Song of the Virgin.

From the Spanish of Lope Felix De Vega, Translated

By Constantina E. Brooks.

ANGELS! ye holy
Who fly through the palm-groves,
For quiet the branches—
My babe is asleep.

Palm-groves of Bethlehem
That sway in the tempest,
The winds are loud moaning
As through you they sweep;
Restrain your wild fury,
Move gently above us;
Hold quiet your branches—
My babe is asleep.

My child, my divine one,
Who came down from Heaven,
What pangs he must suffer!
What tears he must weep!
O let him one moment
Forget all his anguish,
Hold quiet your branches—
My babe is asleep.

The tempests blow 'round him;
Ye see that I have not
Wherewith from my darling
The cold blasts to keep.
O angels! ye holy
Who o'er us are flying,
Hold quiet the branches—
My babe is asleep.

HOLY FAMILY BY SCHIDONE.

The Holy Family.

BY FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER, D.D.

PRAISE, praise to Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
The Three on earth most like to Thee in heaven!
Praise, praise to Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
To whom these heavenly likenesses were given!
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

THE HOLY FAMILY.

RAPHAEL.

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'Mid Nazareth's sequestered mountains
How lovely was the Household of the Three,
And by the desert's crystal fountains
What secret wonders did not angels see!
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

Then by the dark Egyptian river
Joseph, the Mother, and the marvellous Child,
Heard the chill night-wind softly quiver
In the tall palms or o'er the sandfields wild.
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

Sweet Family! swift years are speeding;
Thrice ten have passed o'er Nazareth's secret home;
Poor weary world! it lies all bleeding:
Why should it wait? Why should not Jesus come?
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

Sweet Family! thy charms detain Him;
Thou savest Him from an untimely woe:
From men that would too soon have slain Him
He hides in thee, God's Paradise below!
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

O House of Nazareth! Earth's Heaven!
Our households now are hallowed all by thee;
All blessings come, all gifts are given,
Because of thy dear Earthly Trinity;
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come gay or grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

Sing to the Three with jubilation!
Husbands and wives, parents and children, sing!
Sing to the house from which salvation
Flows o'er your homes as from a hidden spring.
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come gay and grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

Now praise, oh praise the sinless Mother,
Praise to that Household's gentle Master be;
And, with the Child whom we call Brother,
Weep, weep for joy ot that dear Family!
Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old, come gay and grieving,
Praise, praise with me,
Adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

RUBENS.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

The Child Jesus.

By Margaret Junkin Preston.

ALL placid and lovely the village
Of Nazareth slept on the plain ;
No husbandman toiled at the tillage,
Nor reaped the ripe ears of the grain ;
No vine-dressers wrought at their labors,
Nor paused with their pruning-hooks by ;
The slopes were as silent as Tabor's,
And Tabor was still as the sky.

No voices of innocent riot
In market-place, hostel, or hut ;
The hum of the craftsman was quiet,
The door of the synagogue shut.
No *Alephs* and *Beths* were heard swelling
From the school of the scribe, by the wall ;
And Joseph the carpenter's dwelling
Was hushed as the publican's stall.

'Twas the week of the Passover : only
The aged, the sickly, the blind,
The tottering children, and lonely
Young mothers, had tarried behind.
To the sacredest Feast of the nation,
Through the paths that their fathers had trod,
All others, with paschal oblation,
Had gone to the city of God.

And Mary—to every beholder,
  Her face touched with wistfulest dole
(Remembering what Simeon had told her
  Of the sword that should pierce through her soul),
With faith yet too steadfast to falter,
  Though sorely with mysteries tried,
Midst the worshipers stood at the altar
  With Jesus, the child, at her side.

The seven days' festival ended,—
  Rites finished for people and priest,
The throngs from the Temple descended,
  And homeward set face from the Feast.
And neighbor had converse with neighbor,
  Unwonted and simple and and free,
As northward they journeyed toward Tabor,
  Or westward they turned to the sea.

But not till the night dews were falling,
  Did Mary, oft questioning, find,
As children to children were calling,
  That Jesus had lingered behind.
He vex Her?—the mother that bore Him?—
  Or veiled it some portent or sign;
For oft had she trembled before Him,—
  Her human too near His divine.

She sought midst her kinsfolk, whose pity
  Grew tender to look on her grief;
Then back through the streets of the city
  She hastened, yet found not relief.
Thus searching, a marvellous story
  Her ear and her senses beguiling,—
"The Rabbis, gray-bearded and hoary,
  In the Temple are taught by a child!"

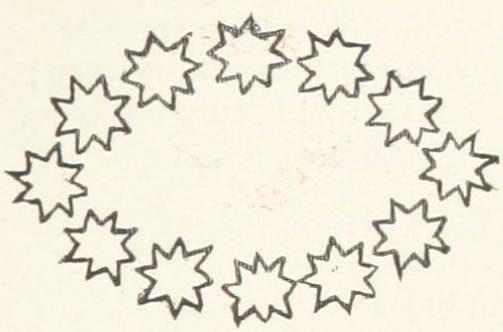
MARY AND JOSEPH CONDUCT JESUS HOME.

RUBENS.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

O marvel of womanly weakness!
She finds Him,—fears, sorrows, subside,
And Mary, the angel of meekness,
In petulance pauses to chide :—
" Son, wherefore thus tarry to gather
About Thee the curious throng,
Unheeding, the while, that Thy father
And I have been seeking."

A look so reproachingly tender,
It awed while it melted here eye,
He cast, as He hastened to render
Subjection, and filial reply :—
"Nay, wherefore perplexed and pursuing ?
Dost thou too, my mother, forget,
And wist not the Son must be doing
The work that His Father hath set !"



The Presentation of Christ,

OR

The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

(*Translated from the Latin.*)

By Edward Caswall.

OFT as Thee, my Infant Saviour,
In Thy Mother's arms I view,
Straight a thousand thrilling raptures
Overflow my heart anew.

Happy Babe! and happy Mother!
Oh, how great your bliss must be!
Each enfolded in the other,
Sipping pure felicity!

As the sun from darkness springing,
Breathes a charm o'er nature's face;
So the child to Mary clinging
Decks her with diviner grace.

As the limpid dew descending,
Lies impearl'd upon the rose;
So their mutual beauty blending,
In transporting union glows.

As when early spring advances,
Flowers unnumbered throng the mead,
Such the countless loving glances
That in turn from each proceed.

Lowly Jesus! gentle Brother!
How I wish a smile from Thee,
Meant for Thy immortal Mother,
Only might alight on me!

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

Fra Bartolomeo.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

A Pastoral by Titian.

His Mother's Joy.

By John White Chadwick.

LITTLE, I ween, did Mary guess,
As on her arm her baby lay,
What tides of joy would swell and beat,
Through ages long, on Christmas.
And what if she had known it all,—
The awful splendor of his fame,
The inmost heart of all her joy
Would still, me-thinks, have been the same:

The joy that every mother knows
Who feels her babe against her breast:
The voyage long is overpast,
And now is calm and peace and rest.
"Art thou the Christ?" The wonder came
As easy as her infant's breath;
But answer none. Enough for her,
That love had triumphed over death.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD BY GUIDO.

The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One!

MY flesh, my Lord !—what name ? I do not know
A name that seemeth not too high or low,
Too far from me or Heaven.
My Jesus, *that* is best ! that word being given
By the majestic angel, whose command
Was softly as a man's beseeching said,
When I and all the earth appear to stand
In the great overflow
Of light celestial from his wings and head.
Sleep, sleep, my saving One !

MADONNA AND CHILD.

CARLO DOLCE.

"Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One."

BRITISH
12 JY94
MUSEUM

And art Thou come for saving baby-browed
And speechless Being—art Thou come for saving?
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed
By treadings of the low wind from the south,
A restless shadow through the chambers waving:
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun;
But Thou, with that close slumber on Thy mouth,
Dust seem of wind and sun already weary.
Art come for saving, O my weary One?

Perchance this sleep that shutteth out the dreary
Earth-sounds and motions, opens in thy soul
    High dreams on fire with God;
More bright than stars do theirs; and visions new
Of Thine eternal Nature's old abode.
    Suffer this mother's kiss,
    Best thing that earthly is,
To glide the music and the glory through,
Nor narrow in Thy dream the broad upliftings
    Of any seraph wing!
Thus, noiseless, thus, Sleep, sleep, my dreaming One!

The slumber of his lips me-seems to run
Through *my* lips to mine heart, to all its shiftings
Of sensual life, bringing contrariousness
In a great calm. I feel I could lie down
As Moses did, and die,—and then live most.
I am 'ware of you, heavenly Presences,
That stand with your peculiar light unlost,
Each forehead with a high thought for a crown.
Unsunned! the sunshine! I am 'ware. Ye throw
No shade against the wall! How motionless
Ye round me with your living statuary,
While through your whiteness, in and outwardly,
Continual thoughts of God appear to go,
Like light's soul in itself. I bear, I bear,
To look upon the dropt lids of your eyes,

Through their external shining testifies
To that beatitude within which were
Enough to blast an eagle at his sun :
I fall not on my sad clay face before ye,—
I look on His. I know
My spirit which dilateth with the woe
Of His mortality,
May well contain your glory.
Yea, drop your lids more low.
Yet are but fellow-worshipers with me !
Sleep, sleep, my worshiped One !

MURILLO.

We sate among the stalls at Bethleham ;
The dumb kine, from their fodder turning them,
Softened their horned faces
To almost human gazes
Toward the newly born :

The simple shepherds from the starlit brooks
Brought visionary looks,
As yet in their astonished hearing run
The strange sweet angel-tongue :
The magi of the East, in sandals worn,
Knelt reverent, sweeping round,
With long, pale beards, their gifts upon the ground,
The incense, myrrh, and gold
These baby hands were impotent to hold :
So let all earthlies and celestials wait
Upon thy royal state.
Sleep, sleep, my kingly One !

I am not proud-meek, angels, ye invest
New meekness to hear such utterance rest
On mortal lips,—"I am not *proud*"—*not proud !*
Albeit in my flesh God sent his Son,
Albeit over him my head is bowed
As others bow before him, still mine heart
Bows lower than their knees. O centuries
That roll in vision your futurities
My future grave athwart,
Whose murmurs seem to reach me while I keep
Watch o'er this sleep—
Say of me as the Heavenly said, "Thou art
The blessedest of women !"—blessed,
Not holiest, not noblest—no high name
Whose height misplaced may pierce me like a shame,
When I sit meek in heaven !

For me, for me,
God knows that I am feeble like the rest !
I often wandered forth more child than maiden,
Among the midnight hills of Galilee,
Whose summits looked heaven laden ;
Listening to silence as it seemed to be
God's voice, so soft, yet strong, so fain to press

Upon my heart as heaven did on the height,
And waken up its shadows by a light,
And show its vileness by a holiness.
Then I knelt down most silent like the night,
Too self-renounced for fears.
Raising my small face to the boundless blue
Whose stars did mix and tremble in my tears,
God heard *them* falling after, with dew.

So, seeing my corruption, can I see
This Incorruptible now born of me,
This fair new Innocence no sun did chance
To shine on (for even Adam was no child),
This mystery from out mine ignorance,—
Nor feel the blindness, stain, corruption more
Than others do, or *I* did heretofore?
Can hands wherein such burden pure has been,
Not open with the cry, "Unclean, unclean!"
More oft than any else beneath the skies?
Ah King, ah Child, ah Son!
The kine, the shepherds, the abased wise,
Must all less lowly wait
Than I, upon thy state!
Sleep, sleep, my kingly One!

Art thou a King, then? Come, his universe,
Come, crown me him a king.
Pluck rays from all such stars as never fling
Their light where fell a curse,
And make a crowning for this kingly brow.
What is my word? Each empyreal star
Sits in a sphere afar
In shining ambuscade:
The child-brow, crowned by none,
Keep its unchildlike shade.
Sleep, sleep, my crownless One!

THE HOLY FAMILY.

From the Painting by Raphael.

In the Museum at Naples.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

Unchildlike shade! No other babe doth wear
An aspect very sorrowful, as those
No small babe-smiles my watching heart has seen,
To float like speech the speechless lips between;
No dovelike cooing in the golden air,
No quick, short joys of leaping babyhood:
    Alas, our earthly good
In heaven thought evil, seems too good for thee.
Yet sleep, my weary One.

And then the drear, sharp tongue of prophecy,
With the dread sense of things which shall be done,
Doth smite me inly, like a sword—a sword?
(*That* "smites the Shepherd!") Then, I think aloud,
The words "despised," "rejected," every word
Recoiling into darkness as I view
    The DARLING on my knee.
Bright angels, move not, lest ye stir the cloud
Betwixt my soul and his futurity!
I must not die, with mother's work to do,
    And could not live, and see.

It is enough to bear
This image still and fair;
This holier in sleep
Than a saint at prayer;
This aspect of a child
Who never sinned or smiled;
This presence in an infant's face;
This sadness most like love;
This love than love more deep;
This weakness like omnipotence
It is so strong to move.
Awful is this watching place,
Awful what I see from hence,—
A king without regalia,
A God without the thunder,

A child without the heart for play ;
Ay, a Creator, rent asunder
From his first glory and cast away
On his own world, for me alone
To hold in hands created, crying "Son!"
That tear fell not on thee,
Beloved, yet thou stirrest in thy slumber!
Thou, stirring not for glad sounds out of number,
Which through the vibratory palm-trees run
From summer wind and bird,
So quickly hast thou heard
A tear fall silently?
Wak'st thou, O loving one?

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI BY PINTURICCHIO.

Mary, Mother.

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

MORE than royal guest he lay
When the gentle kine made way
For the Christ-child meek as they.

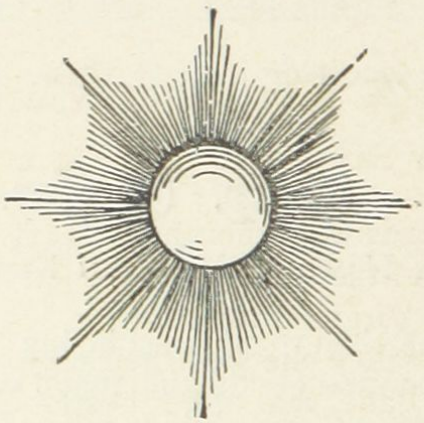
Knelt the Magi, round his bed,
Bowed low each proudest head ;
Mary, mother, pondered.

Gold and frankincense and myrrh
They the wise and great confer,
Jesus mild look up to her !

What her gift? Than nothing less!
Oh that she might crown and bless
Him whom kings shall King confess!

Pierced as with woes to come
At his feet her soul lies dumb,
Love, of all she hath,—the sum!

Blessed among women, thou
Who, exalted most, dost bow
Lowliest among the low!



HOLY FAMILY BY RAPHAEL.

A Christmas Carol.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lonely stable-shed
Where the Virgin Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A mother's song the Virgin Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspended night
While sweeter than a mother's song,
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

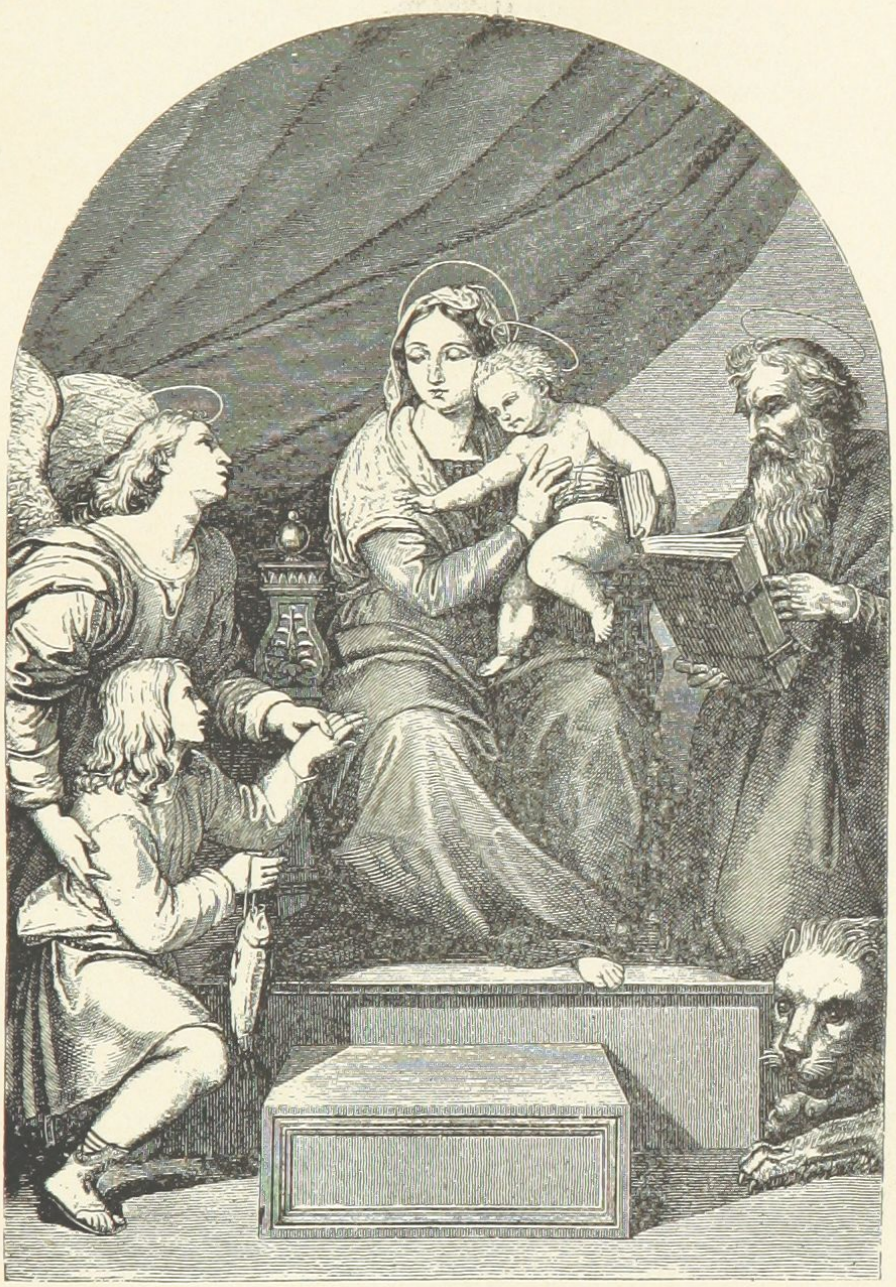
She listened to the late divine,
And closer still the Babe she prest ;
And while she cried the Babe is mine !
The milk rushed faster to her breast :
Joy rose within her like a summer's morn.
Peace, Peace on Earth ! The Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple and of low estate !
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate ?
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,—
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory ?

And is not war a youthful king,
A stately hero clad in mail ?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring ;
Him Earth's majestic monarch hail
Their friend, their playmate, and his bold, bright eye,
Compels the maiden's love confessing sigh.

" Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state !
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child !

"A murderous friend, by friends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son ;
The husband kills, and from the board
Steals all his widow's toil had won ;
Plunders God's world of beauty ; sends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.



THE ENTHRONED MADONNA.

RAPHAEL.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease :
I'm poor and of low estate,
The mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy arises in me, like a summer's morn :
Peace, Peace on Earth ! the Prince of Peace is born."

MATER AMABILIS BY ANNIBAL CARACCI.

Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES.

AGE after age has called thee blest,
Yet none hath fathomed all thy bliss;
Mothers, who read the secret best,
Or angels,—yet its depths must miss.

To dwell at home with Him for years,
And prove his filial love thine own—
In all a mother; tender cares
To serve thy Saviour in thy Son;

THE MADONNA OF ST. LUKE.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

To see before thee, day by day,
  That perfect life expand and shine,
And learn by sight, as angels may,
  All that is holy and divine !

Well may we heap thy blessing up
  From age to age, from land to land,
Since Christ himself that brimming cup
  Gives to the lowliest Christian's hand.

The measure of a blessedness
  Yet by that measure unexpressed ;
Sealing the mother's joy with " Yes,"
  The Christian's with his "*rather blessed.*"

A Pieta by Francia.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

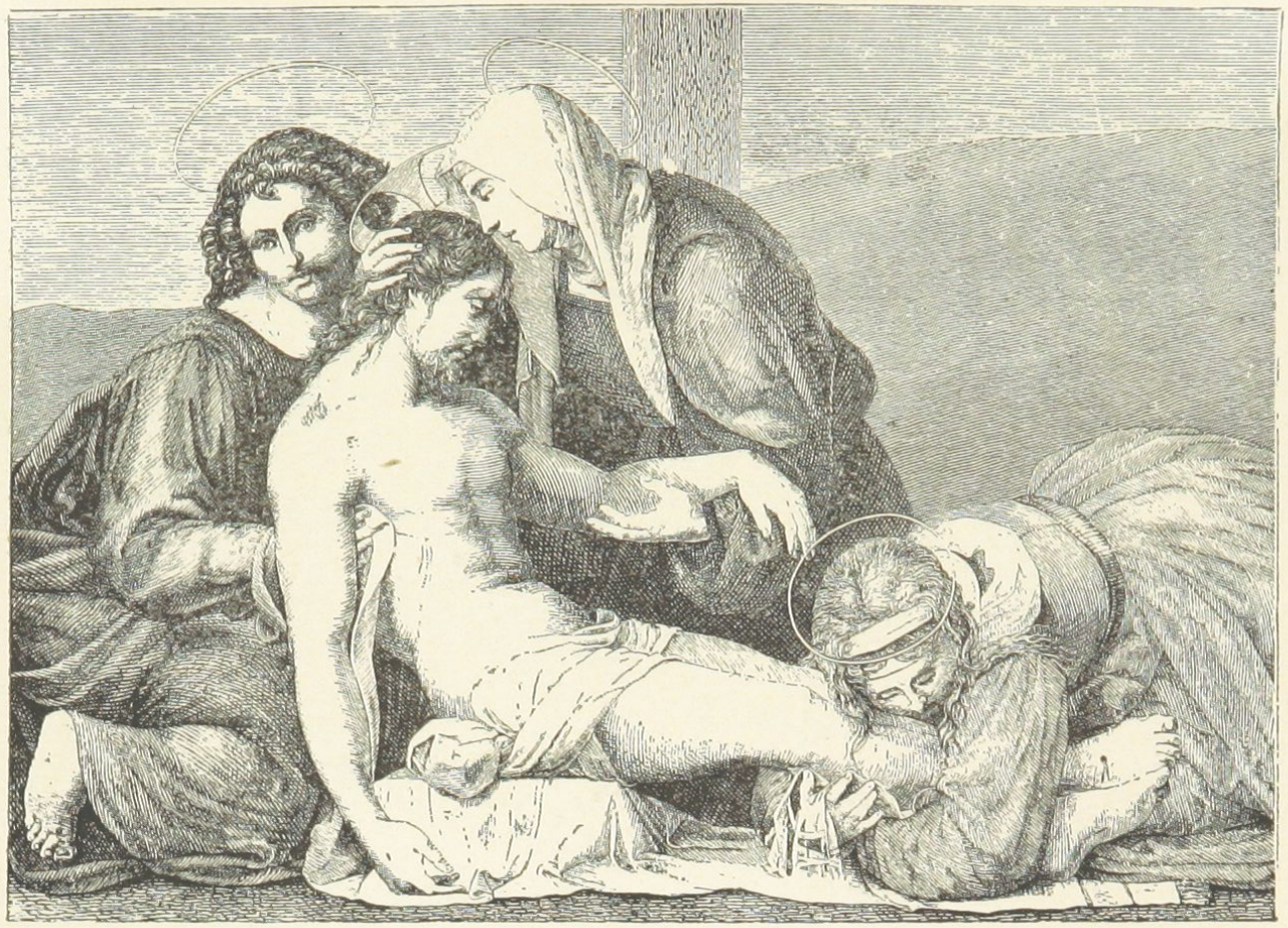
(*Translated from the Latin.*)

By Edward Caswall.

"*Woman, behold thy Son—Behold thy Mother.*"

AT the Cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that Mother blessed
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the Crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.



PIETA.

By Fra Bartolomeo.

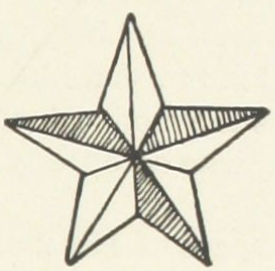
In the Pitti Palace, Florence.

BRITISH
12 JY94
MUSEUM

Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking
Such a cup of sorrow drinking
Would not share her sorrows deep?

For His people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resigned.

Jesus, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
That my heart fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.



Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

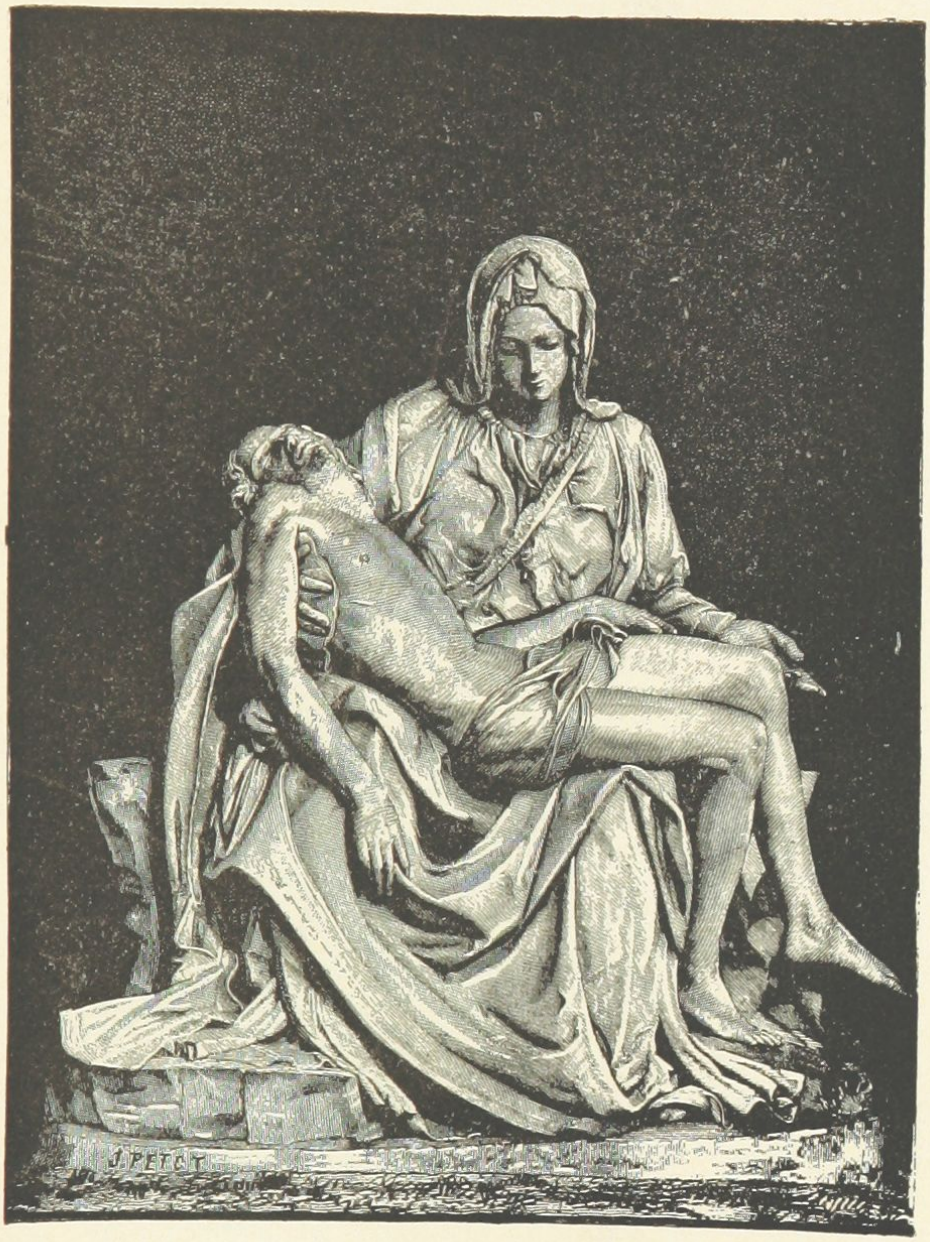
By Jacobus de Benedictus.

WEEPING stood his mother sighing
By the cross where Jesus dying,
Hung aloft on Calvary :
Through her soul, in sorrow moaning,
Bowed in grief, in spirit groaning,
Pierced the sword in misery.

Filled with grief beyond all others,
Mother—blessed among mothers—
Of the God-begotten One !
How she sorroweth and grieveth
Trembling as she thus perceiveth
Dying her unspotted One !

Who could there refrain from weeping,
Seeing Christ's dear mother keeping,
In her grief so bitterly ?
Who could fail to share her anguish,
Seeing thus the mother languish,
Lost in woe so bitterly ?

For the trespass of His nation
She beheld his laceration,
By their scourges suffering.
She beheld her dearest taken,
Crucified and God-forsaken
Dying by their torturing.



THE VIRGIN MARY AND HER DEAD SON.

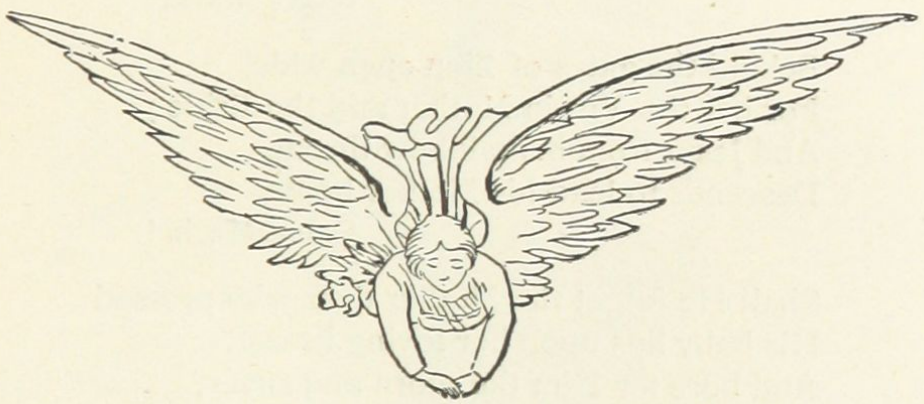
By MICHAEL ANGELO.

In the Chapel della Pieta, in St. Peter's, Rome.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

Mother, fountain of affection,
Let me share thy deep dejection,
Let me share thy tenderness.
Let my heart, thy sorrow feeling,
Love of Christ the Lord revealing,
Be like thine in holiness!

All his stripes, oh, let me feel them!
On my heart forever seal them!
Printed there enduringly.
All his woes beyond comparing.
For my sake in anguish bearing,
Let me share them willingly.



The Assumption=Salve Maria.

(*Translated from the Flemish.*)

By Baring-Gould.

REJOICE, rejoice, with heart and voice to-day,
That gentle Mary's tears are wiped away.
Who will not join the angels' strains,
When Mary pure her throne attains ?
Salve Maria !

A path of light is in the summer sky ;
And as the holy Mother passeth by
The clouds are lit with rosy flame,
And angels shout in glad acclaim,
Salve Maria !

Behold the gates of Zion open wide,
For her the Virgin Mother and the Bride ;
And Jesus from his rainbow throne
Descends to lead his Mother home.
Salve Maria !

Shall He forget the Mother dear who pressed
His baby lips upon her loving breast,
And bore for Him the scorn and sneer,
And wept for Him the anguish tear.
Salve Maria !

Oh joy ! to-day the Son his Mother greets,
The sacred heart of each with rapture beats,
And love that never chilled below,
Throughout eternity shall flow.
Salve Maria !

(The Assumption.)

THE VIRGIN PRESENTS HER GIRDLE TO ST. THOMAS.

PALMA VECCHIO.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

Forget the anguish of the Dolorous way,
When thou did'st meet Him, Mother, and did'st stay
Thy Son with—tears ; forget the pain
Of watching Him, cross-bearing strain.
Salve Maria !

Forget the hours of woe on Calvary,
The moment when they laid Him on thy knee,
And then when thou wast left alone
Before the closed and sealed stone—
Salve Maria !

Now thy ascended Son exalteth thee
That where He is there thou may'st also be.
Thee, magnificent, O Queen ! we greet,
Enthroned upon thy heavenly seat
Salve Maria !

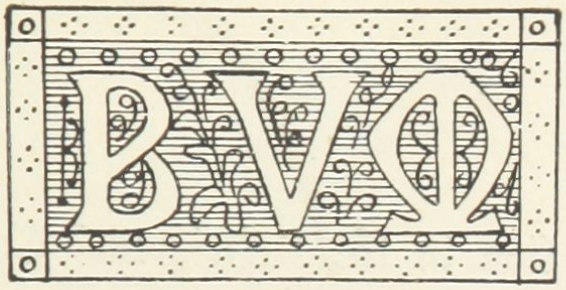
O Mother, crowned the angels' queen to-day ;
O Mother, full of smiles to thee we pay
Our joyous laud and homage sweet,
And thee with jubilation greet.
Salve Maria !

THE life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
MUSEUM

ENTHRONED VIRGIN.

GUIDO RENI.



The Mystic Rose.

By Alleghiere Dante.

A Sublime Hymn (Translated by Cary).

O VIRGIN-MOTHER, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term' by the eternal counsel preordain'd;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn
To make himself his own creation;
For in thy womb, rekindling, shone the love
Reveal'd whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace:
Hear thou to us, of charity and love,
Art as the noonday torch; and art beneath
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him who asks,
Thy bounty succours; but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatso'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combin'd in thee!

Invocation in the "Prioress' Tale."

By Geoffrey Chaucer.

Modernized by William Wordsworth.

O MOTHER-MAID! O Maid and Mother free!
O bush unburnt, burning in Moses sight!
That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the Spirit that did alight
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,
Conceived was thy Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee,
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing to our prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen,
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelve months old, or less,
That laboureth his language to express
Even so fare I; and, therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song, which I of thee shall say.

REGINA CŒLI BY HOLBEIN.

The Virgin.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified;
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skys at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconcil'd in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity;
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

To the Virgin.

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

SOUL, is it Faith, or Love, or Hope,
That lets me see her standing up
Where the light of the Throne is bright?
Unto the left, unto the right,
The cherubin, arrayed, conjoined,
Float inward to a golden point,
And from between the seraphim,
The glory issues for a hymn.
O Mary, Mother, be not loth
To listen thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seest and mayst not be seen,
Hear us at last, O Mary, Queen!
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the secret place,
O Mary, Virgin, full of grace!

Prayer to the Virgin.

From the "Golden Legend."

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

VIRGIN and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
. . . . . .
And even as children who have much offended
A too-indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession.
And she for them in heaven makes intercession;
And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer,
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

A Monk at his Devotions by Overbeck.

The Monk Who Honored the Virgin.

(From Chaucer Society.)

By John Lydgate.

Verses First, Second, Third and Sixteenth.

O WELLE of swetnes . replete in evry veyn e
That almankynd . preserued hast fro deth,
And al oure doye fro langour didest restrayne
At thy nativitie . o flow of Nazareth,
When the holigost . with his swete breth
Gan to espirem . as for his chosen place,
For love of man, . by influence of his grace,

And were Inviolate, . a bright heavenly sterre,
Monge celestynes Reigneng, . withouten memorye,
That be thyne emprise . in this mortal were
Of oure captiuite . gatest the ful victory :
Whan I beseche . for thyn excelent glory,
Som drope of thi grace . adoune to me constille,
In Reu*er*ence of the . this dyte to fulfille.

That only my Rudeness . thy myracle nat deface,
Whiche whilom sendest . in a devout abbeye
Of an holy Monk . thurght they myght and grace,
That of al pite . berest both lok and keye :
For, beuyng lady ; the soth of the to say,
Ful wele thow a qugtest . that don the love and serve,
An hundred sithes better . than they deserve.

" Whos paseyng goodenes . may nat be comprehendyd
In mannes prudence, . fully to det*er*myne,
She is so p*ar*lite . she kan nat be amended,
That ay to mercy . and pite doth enclyne."
Now benyng lady, . that didest oure sorwesfyne,
In honoure of the . that these psalmes Rede
As was dane Ioos . so guyte hem for hir mede !

Amen.

Gracious Son of Mary, Hear!

By Henry Hart Milman.

Sixteenth Sunday After Trinity.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls!
When our final doom is near!
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

To the Virgin.

By Francesco Petrarch.

From Poem to Laura in Death, Translated by Major Macgregor.

Conzone VIII.

BEAUTIFUL VIRGIN! clothed with the sun,
Crown'd with the stars, who so the Eternal Sun
Well pleasedst that in thine His light He hid;
Love pricks me on to utter speech of thee,
And—feeble to commence without thy aid—
Of Him who on thy bosom rests in love.
Her I invoke who gracious still replies
To all who ask in faith,
Virgin! if ever yet
The misery of man and mortal things,
To mercy moved thee, to my prayer incline;
Help me in this my strife.
Though I am but of dust, and thou heaven's radiant Queen!

Wise Virgin! of that lonely number one
Of Virgin's blest and wise,
Even the first and with the brightest lamp:
O solid buckler of afflicted hearts!
'Neath which against the blows of Fate and Death,
Not mere deliverance, but great victory is;
Relief from the blind ardor which consumes
Vain mortals here below!
Virgin! those lustrous eyes,

Which tearfully beheld the cruel prints
In the fair limbs of they beloved Son,
Ah ! turn on my sad doubt,
Who friendless, helpless thus, for counsel come to thee !

O Virgin ! pure and perfect in each part,
Maiden or Mother, from thy honor'd birth,
This life to lighten and the next adorn ;
O bright and loft gate of open'd heaven !
By thee, thy Son and His, the Almighty Sire,
In our worst need to save us came below !
And, from amid all other early seats,
Thou only weret elect,
Virgin supremely blest !
The tears of Eve who turnedst into joy :
Make me, thou canst, yet worthy of His grace,
O happy without end,
Who art in highest heaven a saint immortal shrined !

O holy Virgin ! full of every good,
Who, in humility most deep and true,
To heaven art mounted, thence my prayers hear,
That fountain thou of pity didst produce,
That sun of justice light, which calms and clears
Our age, else clogg'd with errors dark and foul.
Three sweet and precious names in the combine,
Of mother, daughter, wife,
Virgin with glory crown'd
Queen of that King who has unloosed our bonds,
And free and happy made the world again,
By whose most sacred wounds,
I pray my heart to fix where true joys only are !

Virgin ! of all unparallel'd, alone,
Who with thy beauties hast enamour'd Heaven,
Whose like has never been, nor e'er shall be ;
For holy thoughts with chaste and pious acts

To the true God a sacred living shrine
In thy fecund virginity have made :
By thee, dear Mary, yet my life may be
Happy, if to thy prayers,
O Virgin meek and mild !
Where sin abounded grace shall more abound !
With bended knee and broken heart I pray
That thou my guide wouldst be,
And to such prosperous end direct my faltering way.

Bright Virgin ! and immutable as bright,
O'er life's tempestuous ocean the sure star
Each trusting mariner that truly guides,
Look down, and see amid this dreadful storm
How I am tost at random and alone,
And how already my last shriek is near,
Yet still in thee, sinful although and vile,
My soul keeps all her trust ;
Virgin I thee implore
Let not thy foe have triumph in my fall ;
Remember that our sin made God himself,
To free us from its chain
Within thy virgin womb our image on Him take !

Virgin ! what tears already have I shed,
Cherish'd what dreams and breath'd what prayers in vain,
But for my own worse penance and sure loss ;
Since first on Arno's shore I saw the light
Till now, whate'er I sought, wherever turn'd,
My life has passed in torment and in tears,
For mortal loveliness in air, act, speech,
Has seized and soil'd my soul :
O Virgin ! pure and good,
Delay not till I reach my life's last year ;
Swifter than shaft and shuttle are my days
'Mid misery and sin
Have vanish'd all, and now Death only is behind.

Virgin ! she now is dust, who, living, held
My heart in grief, and plunged it since in gloom,
She knew not of my many ills this one,
And had she known, what since befell me still
Had been the same, for every other wish
Was death to me and ill renown for her ;
But, Queen of heaven, our Goddess—if to thee
Such homage be not sin—
Virgin ! of matchless mind,
Thou knowest now the whole ; and that which else
No other can, is nought to thy great power :
Deign then my grief to end,
Thus honor shall be thine, and safe my peace at last :

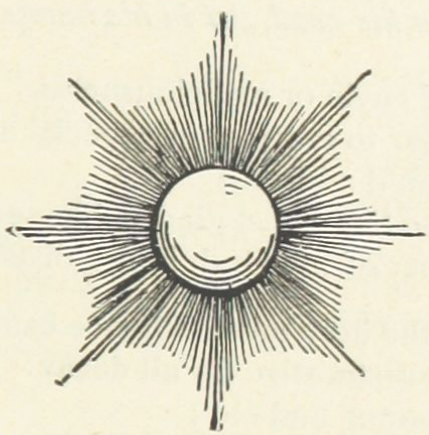
Virgin in whom I fix my every hope,
Who canst and will'st assist me in great need,
Forsake me not in this my worst extreme,
Regard not me but Him who made me thus ;
Let His high image stamp'd in my poor worth
Towards one so low and lost thy pity move ;
Medusa spells have made me as a rock
Distilling a vain flood ;
Virgin, my harrass'd heart
With pure and pious tears do thou fulfill,
That its last sigh at least may be devout,
And free from earthly taint,
As was my earliest vow ere madness fill'd my veins !

Virgin ! benevolent, and foe of pride,
Ah ! let the love of our one Author win,
Some mercy for a contrite, humble heart :
For if her poor, frail mortal dust I loved
With loyalty so wonderful and long,
Much more my faith and gratitude for thee.
From this my present sad and sunken state
If by thy help I rise,
Virgin ! to thy dear name

I consecrate and cleanse my thoughts, speech, pen,
My mind, and heart with all its tears and sighs ;
Point then that better path,
And with complacence view my changed desires at last.

The day must come, nor distant for its date,
Time flies so swift and sure,
O peerless and alone !
When death my heart, now conscience struck, shall seize;
Commend me, Virgin ! then to thy dear Son,
True God and very Man,
That my last sigh in peace may in His arms be breathed !

•



Prayer to the Virgin.

From "To All Angels and Saints."

By George Herbert.

O H glorious spirits who, after all your bonds,
See the smooth face of God, without a frown,
Or strict commands;
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

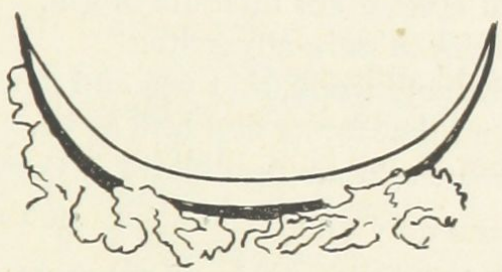
Not out of envie or maliciousnesse
Do I forbear to crave your especial aid.
I would addresse
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distresse.

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewel lay
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas! I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyfuly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injustice lays,
'Tis your own case, I ye never move a wing:

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from lyes no appeal
At the last houre :
Therefore we darse not from his garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although, then, others count you ; if ye know
That is done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,
Who do not so :
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Master's hand can show.



La Prière de Notre Dame.

By Geoffrey Chaucer.

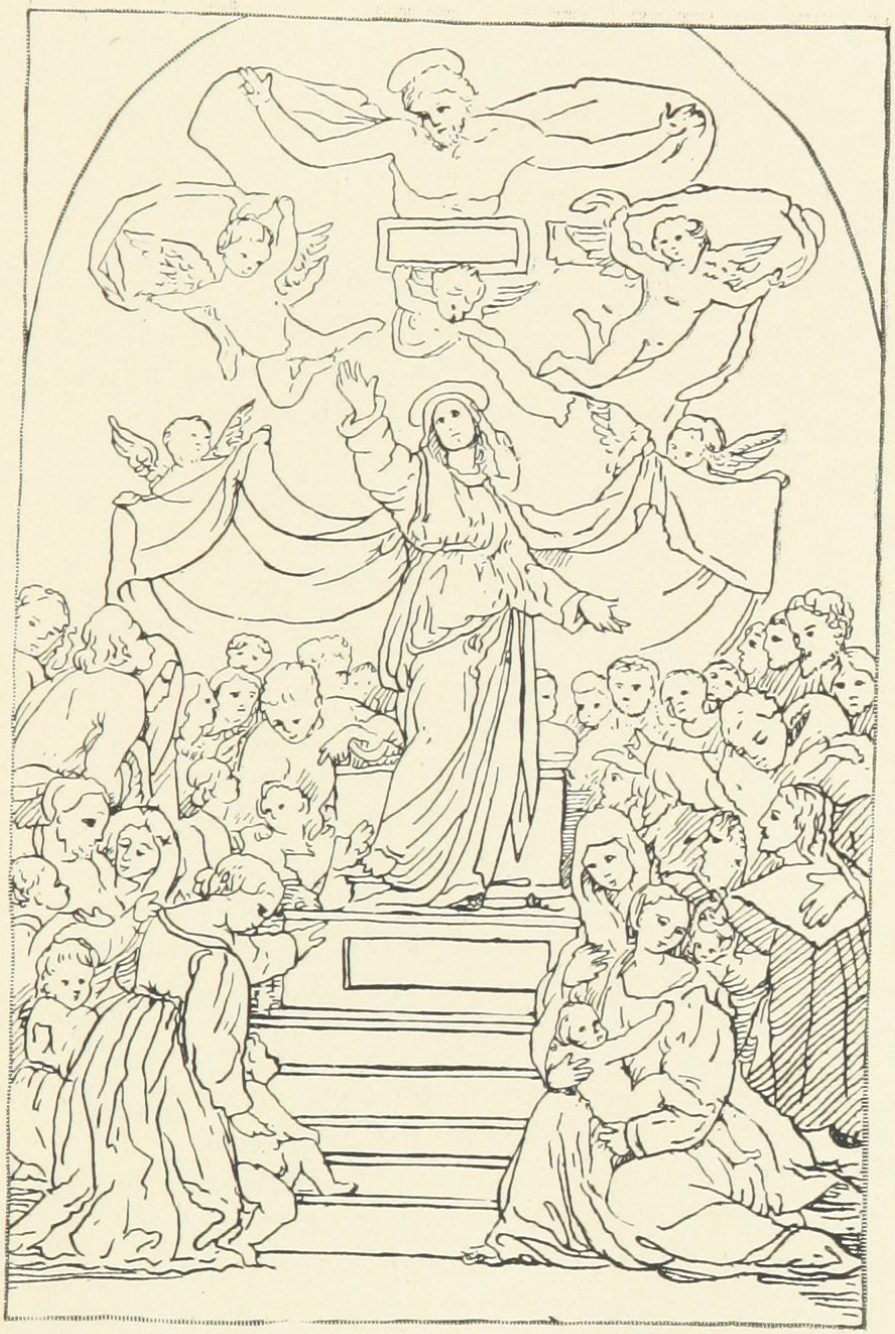
ALMYGHTY and alle mercyable Quene,
To whome al this worlde fleeth for socoure,
To have relees of synne, *of* sorrowe, of teene!
Gloriouse Virgyne, of alle floures flour,
To the I flee confounded in errour!
Help and releve thow mighty debonayre,
Have mercy of my perilouse langour!
Venquysshed hath me my cruel adversayre.

. . . . . .

Noble princesse, that never haddest pere!
Certes yf any comfort in us be,
That cometh of the, Christes moder dere!
We hau none other melodie or gle,
Us to rejoyse in oure adversite,
The advocate woon, that wol and dar so preye
For us, and that for *as* litel hire as ye,
That helpen for an Ave Marie or tweye.

. . . . . .

Virgine! that are so noble of apparyle,
That ledest us into the hye toure
Of Paradyse, thou me wysse and counsayle.
How I may have thy grace and thy socoure:
Alle have I ben filthe and in erroure,
Lady! unto that contrey thou me adjourne,
The cleped is thy benche of fressh floure,
Ther as that mercye ever shal sojourne.



VIRGIN OF MERCY.

FRA BARTOLOMEO.

BRITISH
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Orisoune to the Holy Virgin.

By Geoffrey Chaucer.

MODER of God, and virgyne undefouled,
O blisful*le* quene, our quenys emperice!
Preye thou for me that am in syn ymouled,
To God thy Sone, the punyschar of vice,
That of His merci, thogh that I be nyce
And negligent in keping of his lawe,
His hie mercy my soule, unto Him drawe.

Thou moder of mercy, way of indulgence,
That of alle mercy art superlatyve!
Savour of saulis be thy benevolence!
O humble lady, maide, moder, and wyfe!
Causar of pes, styntar of wo and stryfe!
My prayere to thy Sone that thou present,
Syn of my gilt hooly I me repent.

Benyge comfort of us wreches alle-weye
Be at myn ending guhen that I schall deye.
O well of pitee, unto the I calle,
Fulfillit of swetnesse, helpe me to waye
Agane the fende, that with his handis tweye
And alle his mycht wille pluk at the balance
To wey us doune, keye us from his mischance.

And for thou art ensample of chastite,
And of alle virgynes, worschip, and honour,
Above all woman blessed mote thou be!
Now, speke, now preye, unto oure Salviour,
That he me send suych grace and favour
That alle the hele and bryunyng lecherye
He sloke in me, blissit maden Marye!

. . . . . .

A Daily Hymn to Mary.

By Frederick William Faber.

MARY, dearest Mother,
From thy heavenly height
Look on us, thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.

Mary! purest creature!
Keep us all from sin;
Help us erring mortals
Peace in heaven to win.

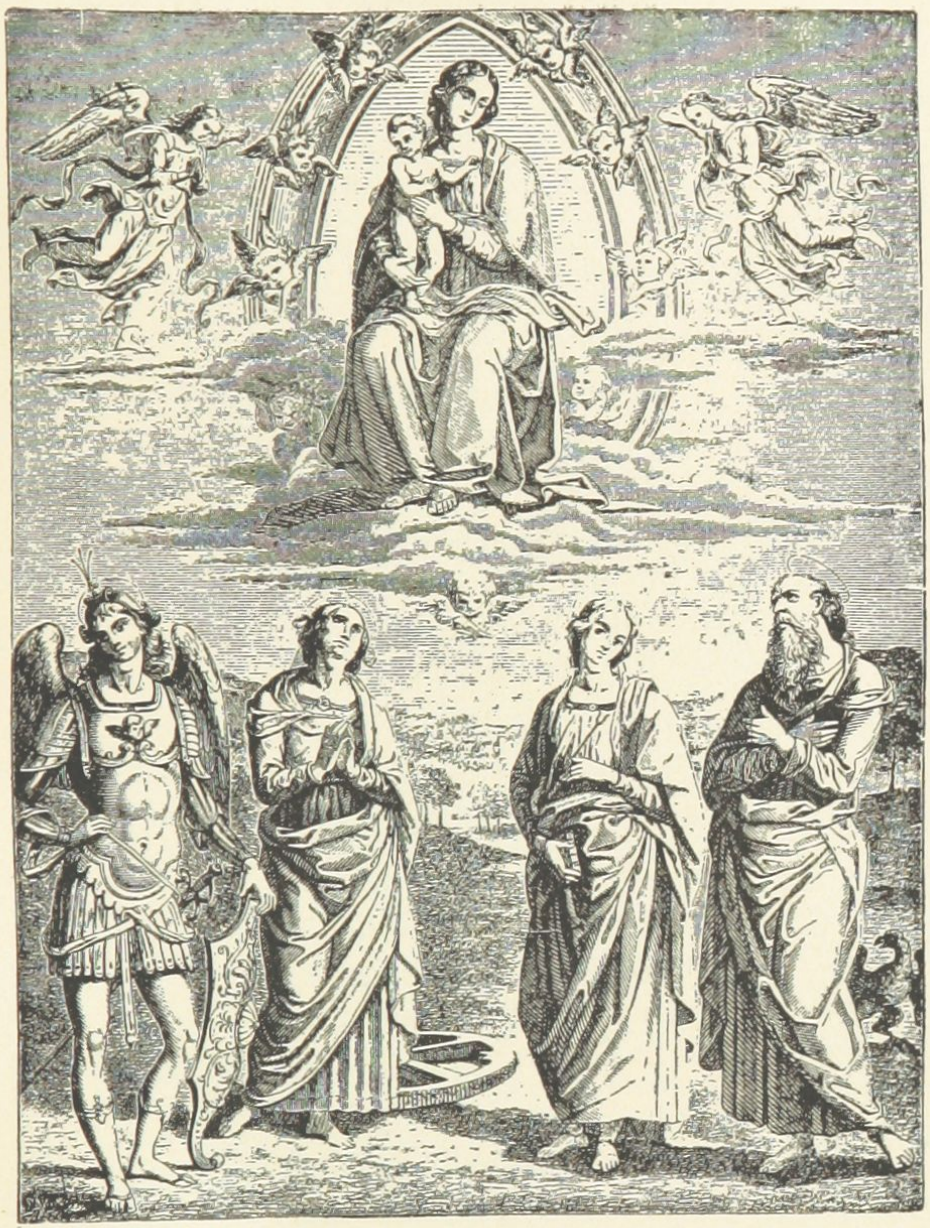
Mary, Queen and Mother!
Get us still more grace,
With still greater fervor
Now to run our race.

Daughter of the Father!
Lady kind and sweet!
Lead us to our Father,
Leave us at His Feet.

Mary! of our Saviour,
Joy of God above!
Jesus bade thee keep us
In His fear and love.

Mary! spouse and servant
Of the Holy Ghost!
Keep for Him His creature
Who would else be lost.

Holy Queen of angels!
Bid thine angels come
To escort us safely
To our heavenly home.



ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN.

PERUGINO.

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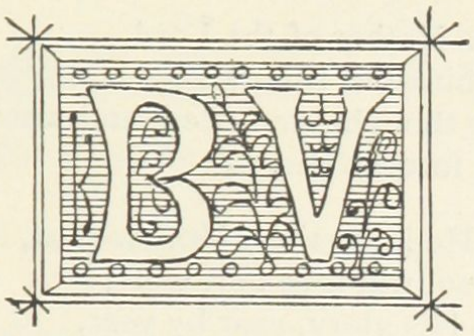


Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

By Henry William Baker.

SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom Jesus loves so well?
And, to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honor tell?

Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.

And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be;
In It to suffer for our sake,
By it to make us free.

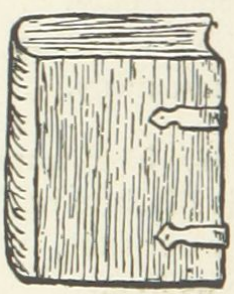
Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food;
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
Th' Incarnate Son of God.

O wondrous depth of grace Divine
That He should bend so low !
And, Mary, oh, what joy 'twas thine
In His dear love to know ;

Joy to be Mother of the Lord,
And thine the truer bliss,
In every thought, and deed, and word,
To be forever His.

And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We, too, will love thee well ;
And, to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honor tell.

Jesus, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God, the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.



Italian Girl's Hymn to the Virgin.

By Mrs. Felecia Hemans.

"*O sanctissima, O purissima!*
Dulcio Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intermerata
Ora, ora pro nobis."

Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

IN the deep hour of dreams,
Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea,
And by the starlight gleams,
Mother of Sorrows, lo, I come to thee.

Unto thy shrine I bear
Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie
All unfolded there
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou that once didst move,
In thy still beauty, through an early home,
Thou knowest the grief, the love,
The fear of woman's soul; to thee I came!

Mary,—and sad and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in thy breast;
Thou, too, could watch and weep—
Hear, gentlest mother! hear a heart opprest!

There is a wondering bark
  Bearing one from me o'er the restless waves;
Oh, let thy soft eye mark
  His course;—be with him, Holiest, guide and save.

My soul is on that way;
  My thoughts are traveling o'er the waters dim;
Through the long, weary day,
  I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.

Aid him—and me, too aid!
  Oh, 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess!
On thy weak child is laid
  The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er him is poured
  My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven apart;
Too fearfully adored,
  Oh! make not him the chastener of my heart!

I tremble with a sense
  Of grief to be; I hear a warning low.
Sweet mother! call me hence!
  This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,
  Love's lightening happiness, my soul hath known;
And worn with feverish strife,
  Would fold its wings; take back, take back thine own!

Hark! how the wind swept by!
  The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—
Hope the sailor sings,
  And maiden's heart blest mother guide and save!

Ave Maris Stella.

(*Translated From the Latin.*)

By Edward Caswall.

HAIL, thou star of the ocean,
Portal of the sky!
Ever Virgin Mother
Of the Lord most High.

Oh! by Gabriel's Ave!
Utter'd long ago
Eva's name revering,
Stablest peace below.

Break the captive fetters;
Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.

Show Thyself a Mother;
Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us incarnate
Did not these despise.

Virgin of all virgins!
To thy shelter take us,
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us.

Still, as on our journey,
Help our weak endeavor,
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice forever.

Through the Highest heaven
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son and Spirit,
One same glory be.

Lady Mary.

By Henry Alford.

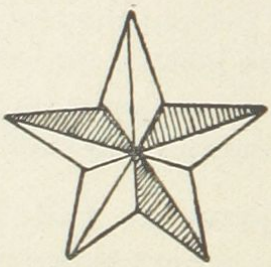
THOU wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun ;
And fairer yet thou mightest be—
Thy youth was but begun :
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep, bright blue ;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying
As thy hour of rest :
The cold, pale moon was shining
On thy cold, pale cheek ;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone :
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Play'd on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits
In the land of rest :
Thou art even as they took thee
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel
In the presence of the Throne ;
We shall see thee when the light Divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.



Portuguese Hymn to the Virgin.

(*Written at Sea.*)

By John Leyden.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lovest on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee,
We hang within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the waving waters toss'd,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped when other hope was lost.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main!
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high.
When virgins for their true loves sigh
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;—
The star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea,
Ave Maris Stella!

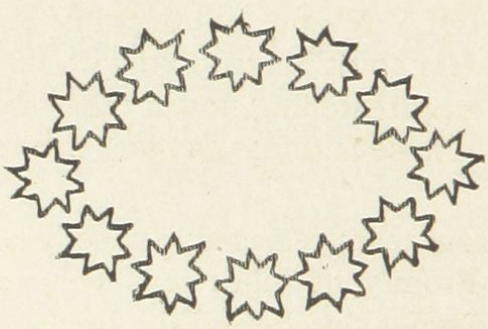
Star of the dark and stormy sea !
When wrecking tempests 'round us rage,
Thy gentle virgin form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
The howling storms that seemed to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet ;
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet,
Ave Maris Stella !

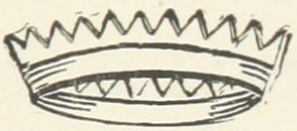
Star of the desert waters wild,
Who pitying hear'st the seaman's cry !
The God of mercy as a child
On that chaste bosom loves to lie ;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high
The mother of the heavenly king,
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent 'round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep's foundations reel ;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,
The newly damn'd a respite feel
From torture in the depths below,
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the mild and placid seas !
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own ;
When clouds obscure all other light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The star of ocean glitters bright.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay;
Mother of God ! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires—
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs,
Ave Maris Stella ?





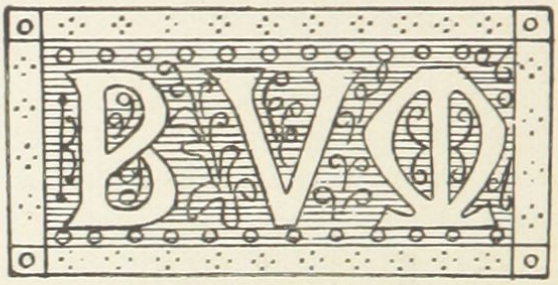
A Chant to the Blessed Virgin.

By James A. Hillhouse.

O HOLY Virgin, call thy child ;
Her spirit longs to be with thee ;
For, threatening, lower those skies so mild
Whose faithless day-star dawned for me.

From tears released to speedy rest,
From youthful dreams which all beguiled,
To quiet slumber on thy breast,
O Holy Virgin, call thy child.

Joy from my darkling soul is fled,
And haggard phantoms haunt me wild ;
Despair assails and hope is fled :
O Holy Virgin, call thy child.



Christ the Way.

By Frederick William Faber, D. D.

TO sin and earth and sorrow tributary ;
We lift our thoughts to thee, O blissful Mary ;
Oh stainless Maid and mightest Mother ! thou
Wert the mysterious gate where, stooping low,
The king of glory entered, first and last,
And only one who by that portal passed.

He is our Way, our dreadest Way, O Mary !
(May He remember me His tributary !)
Our dreadest Way ; for it is only given
Through His great Judgment Seat to enter Heaven ;
Judgment according to our works ! the erect
Could not be borne were not the judge, indeed,
A Man of thy true substance : let us pray
Unto the Virgin's Son, that in His Day
We perish not by that most fiery Way.

O whitest Flower ! O ever-blessed Mary !
To what high purpose wert thou tributary !
How wert thou chosen for the stainless birth,
Mother of God ! chaste Lily of the earth !
Lead us to Jesus, Mother ! for us part
The veils that hang before the Sacred Heart.

Mary, the Highest Being in Creation.

By Edward Caswall.

I GAZED upon the flowerets fair
That deck the meadows green ;
On many a treasure rich and rare ;
On many a lovely scene ;

I search'd the breadth, I search'd the height,
Of all creation through,
From realms of empyrean light
To depths of ocean blue ;

But found I naught in Heav'n or earth,
In air, or sky or sea,
So beautiful, so high in worth,
Dear Mother-Maid, as thee.

O sacred link of heavenly gold,
In human nature's chain !
Elect before the days of old !
Conceived without a stain !

Sublimest of created Powers !
My hope and solace here,
Be thou with me when darkness lowers,
And dews of death are near.

The Names of Our Lady.

By Adelaide Anne Proctor.

THROUGH the wide world thy children raise
Their prayers, and still we see
Calm are the nights and brief the days
Of those who trust in thee.

Around thy starry crown are wreathed
So many names divine:
Which is the dearest to my heart,
And the most worthy? Thine.

Star of the Sea: we kneel and pray
When tempests raise their voice;
Star of the Sea! the haven reached,
We call thee and rejoice.

Help of the Christain: in our need
Thy mighty aid we claim;
If we are faint and weary, then
We trust in that dear name.

Our Lady of the Rosary:
What name can be so sweet
As what we call thee when we place
Our chaplets at thy feet?

Bright Queen of Heaven: when we are sad,
Best solace of our pains:—
It tells us, though on earth we toil,
Our Mother lives and reigns.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel : thus
Sometimes thy name is known ;
It tells us of the badge we wear,
To live and die thine own.

Our Lady dear of Victories :
We see our faith oppressed,
And praying for our erring land,
We love that name the best.

Refuge of Sinners : many a soul,
By guilt cast down, and sin,
Has learned through this dear name of thine
Pardon and peace to win.

Health of the Sick : when anxious hearts
Watch by the sufferer's bed,
On this sweet name of thine they lean
Consoled and comforted.

Mother of Sorrows : many a heart
Half broken by despair
Has laid its burden by the cross
And found a mother there.

Queen of all Saints : the Church appeals
For the loved dead to thee ;
She knows they wait impatient pain
A bright eternity.

Fair Queen of Virgins : thy pure hand
The lilies 'round thy throne,
Love the dear title which they bear
Most that it is thine own.

True Queen of Martyrs : if we shrink
From want, or pain, or woe,
We think of the sharp sword that pierced
Thy heart, and call thee so.

Mary : the dearest name of all,
The holiest and the best ;
The first low word that Jesus lisped,
Laid on His mother's breast.

Mary : the name that Gabriel spoke,
The name that conquers hell :
Mary, the name that through high heaven
The angels love so well.

Mary :—our comfort and our hope,—
O may that word be given
To be the last we sight on earth,—
The first we breathe in heaven.

Star of My Dying-time.

By Katherine Eleanor Conway.

"*Pray for us—now, and at the hour of our death.*"

MOTHER, the skies are dim,
The air is cold,
And forms of terror grim
The mists unfold.

Weary am I and weak,
And sore afraid ;—
O Virgin, pure and meek,
Sweet Mother, aid ;—

If I could see thy face
'Twere almost Heaven,
A sign of pitying grace
And sin forgiven.

But O, this awful gloom
Within, without,
The friends of wrath—and gloom,
Despair and doubt !

O for one bright hour more
Of strength-supreme
Like those I wasted o'er
My life's long dream !

But Mother—if thou plead
With thy dear Son
In this my woeful need,
My Heaven is won !

Salve Mundi Domina.

(*Translated from the Latin.*)

By Edward Caswall.

From the Office of the Immaculate Conception.

Matins.

HAIL, Queen of the Heavens!
Hail, Mistress of Earth!
Hail, Virgin most pure!
Of immaculate birth!
Clear Star of the Morning,
In beauty enshrined!
O Lady, make speed
To that help of mankind.

Thee God in the depth
Of eternity chose;
And framed thee all fair,
As His glorious Spouse;
And called thee His Word's
Own Mother to be,
By whom He created
The earth, sky, and sea.

Prime.

Hail, Virgin most wise!
Hail, Deity's Shrine,
With seven fair pillars
And Table divine!
Preserved from the guilt
Which has come on us all!
Exempt in the womb
From taint of the Fall!

ST. ILDEFONSE RECEIVING A CHASUBLE AT THE HANDS OF THE VIRGIN.

RUBENS.

Museum of Vienna.

BRITISH
12 JY 94
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O new Star of Jacob!
Of angels the Queen!
O Gate of the Saints!
O Mother of men!
O terrible as
The embattled array!
Be thou of the Faithful,
The refuge and stay.

TERCE.

Hail, Solomon's Throne!
True Ark of the Law!
Fair Rainbow! and Bush
Which the Patriarch saw!
Hail, Gideon's Fleece!
Hail, Blossoming Rod!
Samson's sweet Honey-comb!
Portal of God!

Well fitting it was
That a Son so divine
Should preserve from all touch
Of Original Sin;
Nor suffer by smallest
Defect to be stained
That Mother, whom He
For Himself had ordain'd.

SEXT.

Hail, Virginal Mother!
Hail, Purity's Call!
Fair Shrine where the Trinity
Loveth to dwell!
Hail, Garden of Pleasure!
Celestial Balm!
Cedar of Chastity!
Martyrdom's Palm!

Thou Land set apart
From uses profane,
And free from the curse
Which in Adam before!
Thou City of God!
In thee is all grace,
O joy of the Blest!

NONE.

Hail, City of refuge!
Hail David's high tower!
With battlements crown'd,
And girded with power!
Fill'd at thy Conception
With Love and with Light!
The Dragon by Thee
Was shorn of his might.

O woman most valiant!
O Judith thrice blest!
As David was cherished
At Abisag's breast;
As the saviour of Egypt
Upon Rachel's knee;
So the world's great Redeemer
Was fondled by Thee.

VESP.

Hail, Dial of Achaz!
On Thee the true Son
Told backward the course
Which from old He had run;
And, that man might be raised,
Submitting to shame,
A little more low
Than the Angels became.

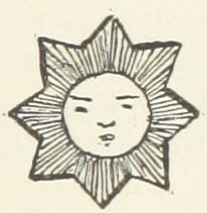
Thou, wrapt in the blaze
Of His Infinite Light,
Dost shine as the morn
On the confines of night!
As the Moon on the lost
Through obscurity dawns;
The Serpent's Destroyer!
A Lily 'mid thorns.

Compline.

Through Thee may we come
To the Haven of rest;
And see Heaven's King
In the courts of the Blest.

Commendation.

These praises and prayers
I lay at thy feet,
O Virgin of Virgins!
O Mary most sweet!
Be Thou my true guide
Through this pilgrimage here,
And stand by my side
When death draweth near.



A Legendary Ballad.

By Johann Von Gottfreid Herder.

Translated by Mrs. Mary Howitt.

AMONG green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
We set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

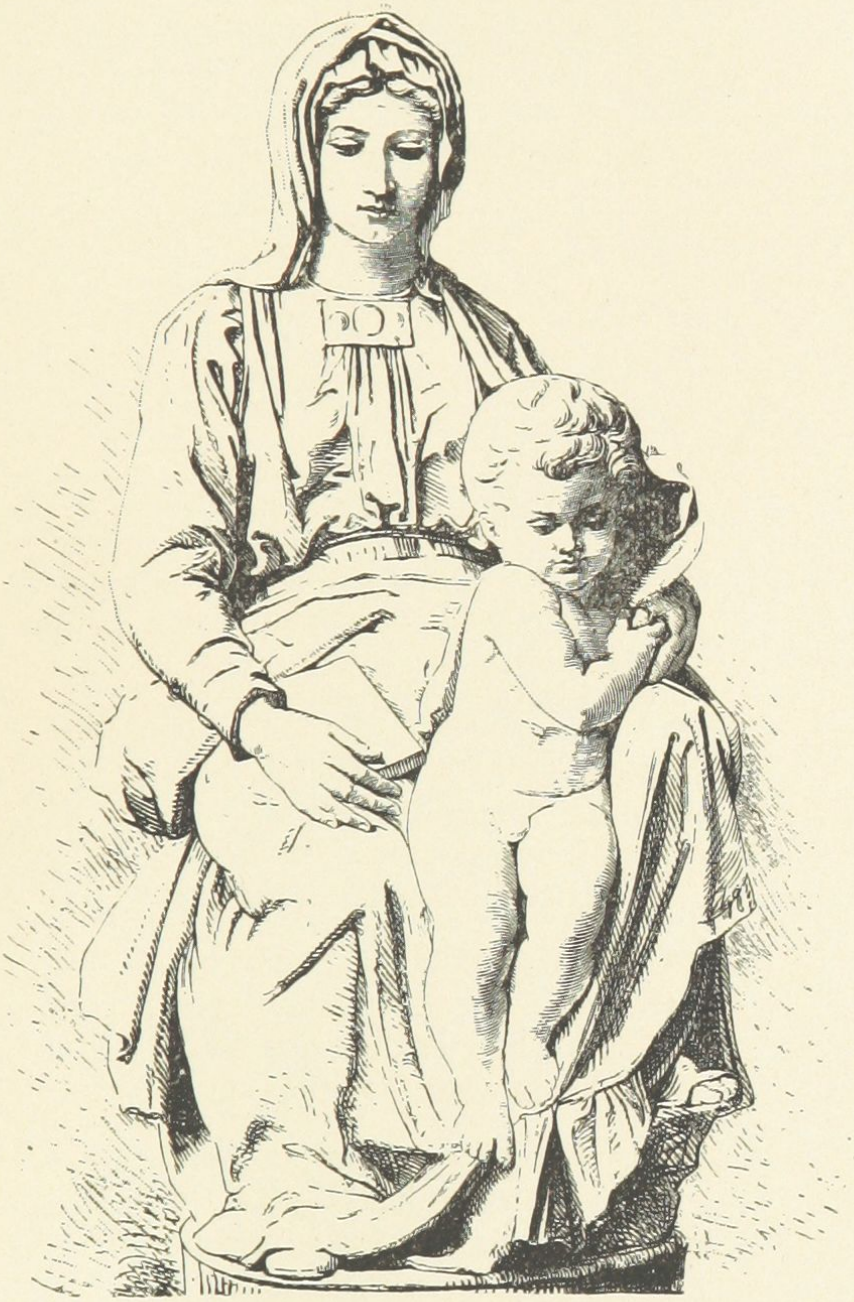
Here oft on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would roam,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say!"

Thus spoke his tender mother:
And, on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful child Jesus!
Come down and play with me.



THE MADONNA AND HOLY INFANT.

By Michael Angelo.

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"I will find for thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe, red strawberries,
If thou will but come down.

"O holy, holy mother!
Put him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spoke the boy so lovely,
The while his mother heard;
And on his prayer she pondered
But spoke to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy:
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousand-fold to thee.

"For in the fields of heaven,
Thou shalt roam with me at will;
And of bright fruit celestial
Thou shall have, dear child, thy fill."

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished:
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay!

And thus he spoke in dying,
"O mother, dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A-coming down to me!

"And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries,—
Dear mother, let me go."

He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain,
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.

LA SAINTE ANNE.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(Paris.)

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The Month of Mary.

(*A Song.*)

By John Henry Newman.

GREEN are the fields, and sweet the flowers,
And rich the hues of May ;
We see them in the gardens 'round,
And market—panniers gay :
And e'en among our streets, and lanes,
And alleys, we descry,
By fitful gleams, the fair sunshine,
The blue, transparent sky.

Refrain—O mother-maid, be thou our aid,
Now in the opening year ;
Lest sights of earth to sin give birth,
And bring the tempter near.

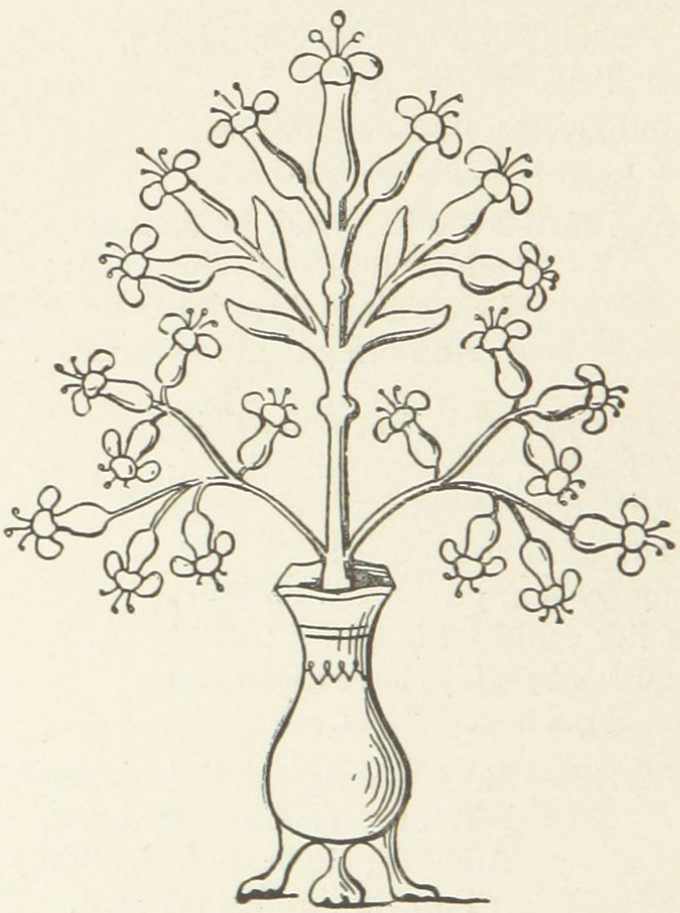
Green are the years, but wait awhile,
'Twill grow, and then will wither ;
The flowerets, brightly as they smile,
Shall perish altogether :
The merry sun, you sure would say,
It ne'er could set in gloom ;
But earth's best joys have all an end,
And sin, a heavy doom.

Refrain—But Mother-maid, thou dost not fade ;
With stars above thy brow,
And the pale moon beneath thy feet
Forever throned art thou.

The green, green years, the glittering grove,
The heaven's majestic dome,
They image forth a tenderer bower,
A more refulgent home ;
They tell us of that Paradise
Of everlasting rest.
And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,
The sweetest, yet the best.

Refrain—O Mary, pure and beautiful,
Thou art the Queen of May ;
Our garlands wear upon thy hair,
And they will ne'er decay.

THE ORATORY, 1850.



The Month of May.

By Epiphanius Wilson.

IN holy Mary's month of praise,
The chancel white with lilies shone:
The candles burned with placid blaze;
The light above the altar-stone
Lit up the pyx with crimson rays;
In holy Mary's month of praise.

In linen vest and fringe of lace
He stood behind the glorious priest;
I could not see his cherub face;
He swung the censer at the feast,
And filled with clouds the blessed place,
In linen vest and fringe of lace.

In holy Mary's month of May,
Just as the first down marked his lip,
We knelt together one sad day;
The gonfalons above his ship
Waved through my brain, I could not pray,
In holy Mary's month of May.

Dear Mother, thou hast woman's heart,
And half my heart was reft from me,
Thou knowest what pain it is to part,
And trust a lover to the sea;
And tho' thou canst not heal the smart,
Dear Mother, thou hast woman's heart.

We knelt together at thy shrine,
Thy robe was rich, thy crown of gold;
We wept before thy face divine
And all our grief to thee we told;
With his brown hand fast closed on mine
We knelt together at thy shrine.

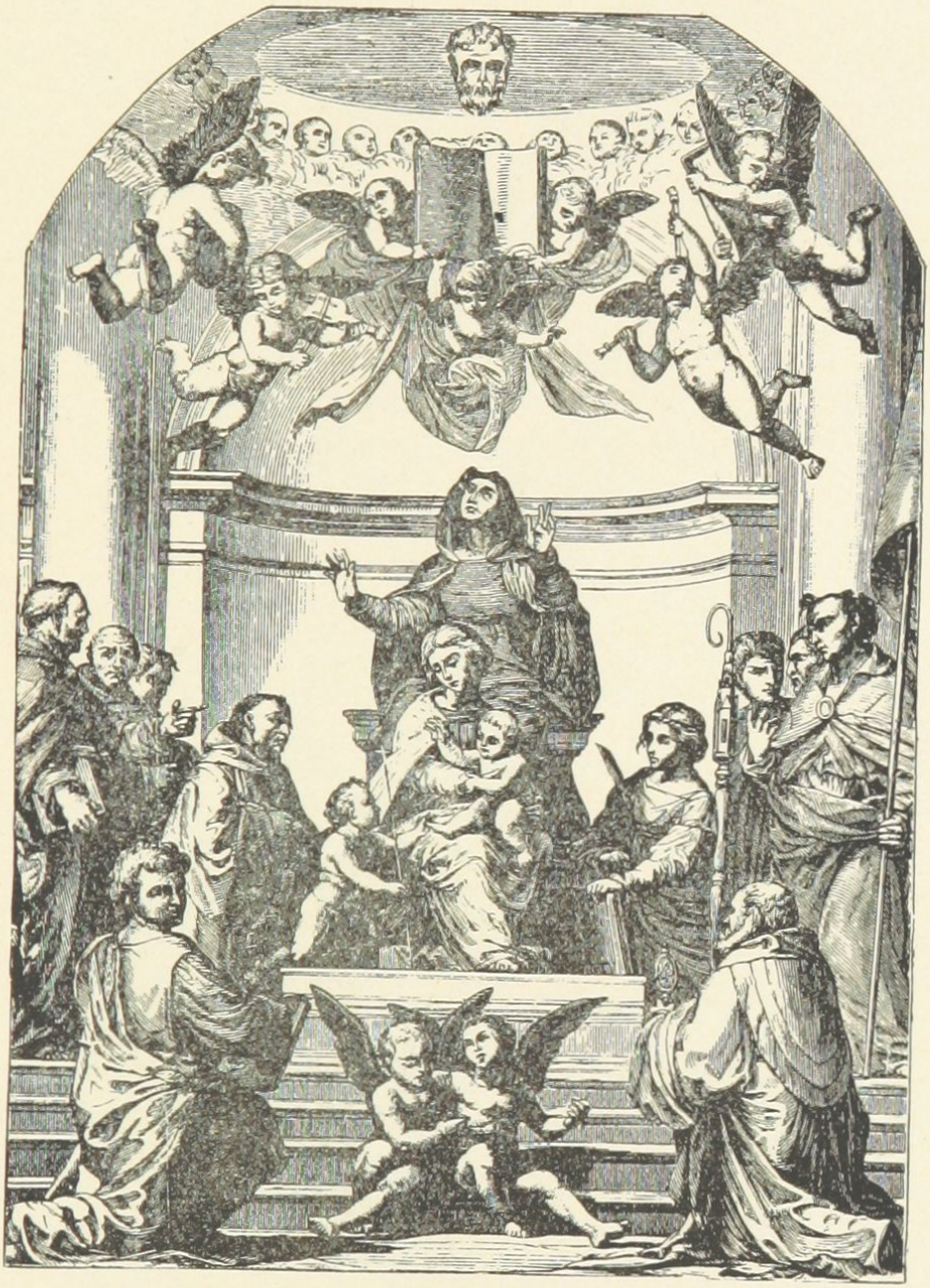
In holy Mary's month of May
From yonder hill I saw his ship
With full sails foaming up the bay ;
He landed at the sally-slip ;
We met, we kissed, that happy day,
In holy Mary's month of May.

In holy Mary's month of May,
I led him to the sainted shrine ;
But ah, dear Christ ! he turned away :
"This goddess is no longer mine ;
A fairer, stronger I obey ;
In holy Mary's month of May.

"I met her in the eastern isles ;
Her temple gleams in every grove ;
She draws the sea-ships with her smiles ;
She binds the strongest in her love ;
Her bosom white the world beguiles ;
I met her in the eastern isles."

In holy Mary's month of May
Strange horror seized me as I stood ;
We leaped asunder that wild day,
As parted by the boundless flood ;
And now my maiden locks are grey
In holy Mary's month of May.

Oh, Virgin Mary, Queen of heaven,
Because the sword thy heart has cleft,
Thou pitiest hearts by anguish riven,
Here, sad and sore, of all bereft ;
I light to thee these tapers seven ;
Oh, Virgin Mary, Queen of heaven.



ENTHRONEMENT OF THE VIRGIN.

By Fra Bartolomeo.

In the Gallery of the Uffizi, Florence.

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The Mother's Hymn.

By William Cullen Bryant.

"*Blessed art thou among women.*"

LORD, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart, as, day by day,
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And grateful for the blessing given
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.

Such thanks the blessed Mary gave
When from her lap the Holy Child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge the strength and light
To guide the feet that own them care
In ways of Love and Truth and Right.

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To the Queen of May.

By Michael Russell.

O MARY, dearest Mother !
  Thy month has come again,
Of all the months most welcome
  To angels and to men—
The month of birds and blossoms,
  The flowery, sunny May,
When earth and sky, dear Mother !
  To thee fond tribute pay.

And so, O dearest Mother !
  Before the simple shrine
Which we have decked with flowers
  Because we call it thine,
We kneel to scatter incense
  And prayer and song for thee :
Look down, O dearest Mother !
  Look down to hear and see.

Look down on us, thy children,
  O Mother dear ! look down ;
The mother's face beams kindly
  While other faces frown.
Though thou art Queen of Heaven,
  And reign'st in joy above,
Yet still, O dearest Mother !
  Look down on us with love.

Ah ! we have forced thee often,
All loving as thou art,
To turn in sadness from us,
Thine eyes—but not thy heart !
In grief, but not in anger,
Though we have tried thee sore :
Yet smile again, dear Mother !
We'll vex thy heart no more.

By Him who calls thee Mother,
And bids us do the same—
By Him, thy Son, who gives
A brother's tender name—
By all the love that yearneth
Within thine own pure heart,
O Mother ! be a mother,
And act a mother's part.

In Heaven's eternal May-time,
Whose sunlight is the Lamb,
In the gladness and the glory,
The rapture and the calm—
We'll praise thee, and we'll bless thee,
With happy saints above,
If now, O mighty Mother,
Thou look on us with love.

The Queen of Seasons.

(*A Song for an inclement May.*)

By John Henry Newman.

ALL is divine which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought, till the day when
He stay'd;
Above and below, within and around,
From the centre of space, to its uttermost bound.

In beauty suspassing the Universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth, like an innocent child,
Or like the rich bloom of some delicate flower;
And the Father rejoiced in the work of His power.

Yet words brighter still, and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again, He had made had He chose;
And you never could name that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources the Maker possess'd.

But I know of one work of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May, and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July in its passionate noon,
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness, when they are gone;
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest.

The Oratory, 1850.

Woman's Christmas.

By Lucy Larcum.

NOT Mary, unto thee alone,
Though blessed among women thou;
Not thine, nor yet thy nation's own,
With that large glory on His brow.

Thou bendest in awe above the Child,
The cradled Hope of all the race;
The perfect One, the undefiled,
A saved world shining in His face.

Thou bendest in awe; we bend with thee,
Forgetting by-gone loneliness,
Our hearts' desire fulfilled is He;
Our solitude He comes to bless.

By the close bond of womanhood,
By the prophetic mother-heart,
Forever visioning unshaped good,
Mary, in Him we claim our part.

This baby's face is as the sun
Upon the dimness of our way;
This child's Arm ours to lean upon
When mortal strength and hope decay:

Our path, erewhile so desolate,
His dear beatitudes adorn;
Earth is a heavenward-opening gate
Since unto us this Child is born.

Born unto us who vainly seek
The fair ideal of our dreams
Among its mockeries, blurred and weak,
He crowns the manhood He redeems.

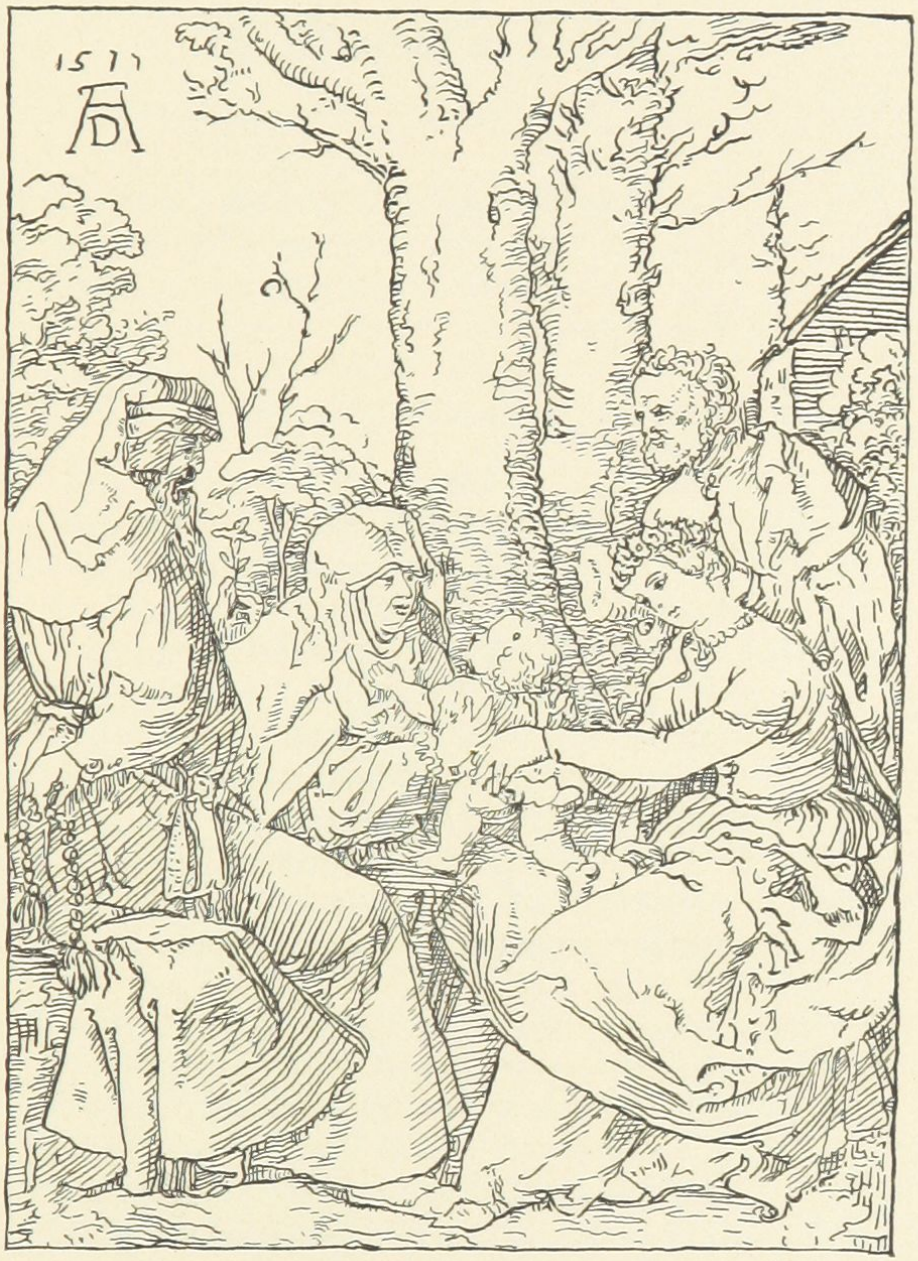
To us, who trust that men will grow
Grander than thought or guess of ours,
When this pure Life through theirs shall glow,
This health divine stir all their powers.

O Hebrew maiden, even to us,
Thy sisters, scattered over earth,
God sent this Infant glorious,
This one divinely-human birth.

What were our poor lives worth, if thence
Flowered forth no world-perfuming good,
No love-growth of Omnipotence?
The childless share thy motherhood.

All holy thoughts, all prayer and praise,
Wherewith our Christ hath made life sweet,
Through us undying voices raise,
One Name—His Father's to repeat.

Breathe, weary women everywhere,
The brightness of this heavenly morn!
The blessing that He is, we share;
For unto us this Child is born!



DOMESTIC HOLY FAMILY, ANNA, JOSEPH AND JOACHIM.

ALBERT DURER.

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A Mother's Secret.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HOW sweet the sacred legend—if unblamed
In my slight verse such holy things are named,—
Of Mary's sweet hours of hidden joy
Silent, but pondering on her wondrous boy!
Ave Maria! Pardon if I wrong
Those heavenly words that shame my earthly song!

The choral host had closed the Angel's strain,
Sung to the listening watch on Bethlehem's plain,
And now the shepherds, hastening on their way,
Sought the still hamlet where the Infant lay,
They passed the fields that gleaming Ruth toiled o'er,—
They saw afar the ruined threshing-floor
Where Moab's daughter, houseless and forlorn,
Found Boaz slumbering by his heaps of corn;
And some remembered how the holy scribes,
Skilled in the lore of every jealous tribe,
Traced the warm blood of Jesus's royal son
To that fair alien bravely wooed and won.

Twelve years had passed; the boy was fair and tall,
Growing in wisdom, finding grace with all.
The maids of Nazareth, as they stooped to fill
Their balanced urns beside the mountain rill,
The gathered matrons, as they sat and spun,
Spoke in soft words of Joseph's quiet son.
No voice had reached the Galilean vale
Of star-vale kings, or awe-struck shepherd's-tale;
In the meek, studious child they only saw
The future Rabbi learned in Israel's law.

So grew the boy, and now the frost was near
When at that Holy Place the tribes appear.
Scarce had the home-bred child of Nazareth seen
Beyond the hills that girt the village green;
Snatched from the steel of Herod's murdering hands,
A babe, close folded to his mother's breast,
Through Edom's wilds he sought the sheltering West.

Then Joseph spake: Thy boy hath largely grown;
So fared they on to seek the promised sign,
That marked the anointed heir of David's line.

At last, by forms of earthly semblance led,
They found the crowded inn, the oxen's shed.
No proof was there, no glory shone around
On the coarse straw, that strewed the reeking ground;
One dim retreat a flickering torch betrayed—
In that poor cell the Lord of Life was laid!

The wandering shepherds told their breathless tale
Of the bright choir that woke the sleeping vale;
Told how the shining multitude proclaimed,

"Joy, joy to earth! behold the hallowed morn!
In David's city Christ, the Lord, is born!
Glory to God! let angels shout on high!
Good-will to men! the listening earth reply!"

They spoke with hurried words and accents wild;
Calm in His cradle slept the heavenly child;
No trembling word the mother's joy revealed,—
One sigh of rapture, and her lips were sealed,
But kept these words to ponder in her heart.
Weave him fine raiment, fitting to be shown;
Fair robes beseem the pilgrim, as the priest:
Goes he not with us to the holy feast?

THE HOLY FAMILY.

LE BRUN.

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And Mary called the flaxen fibres white ;
Till ere she spun ; she spun till morning light.
The thread was twined ; its parting meshes through
From hand to hand her restless shuttle flew,
Till the full web was wound upon the beam ;
Love's curious toil, vest without a seam !

They reached the Holy Place, fulfill the days
To solemn feasting given, and grateful praise.
At last they turn, and far Moriah's height
Melts in the southern sky and fades from sight.
All day the dusty caravan has flowed
In devious trails along the winding road ;
(For many a step their homeward path attends,
And all the sons of Abraham are as friends."

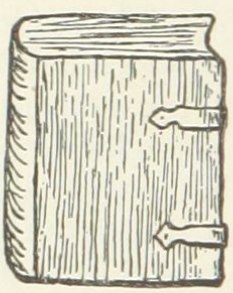
Evening has come,—the hours of rest and joy,
Hush ! hush ! That whisper,—" Where is Mary's boy ?"

O weary hour ! O aching days that passed
Filled with strong fears each wilder than the last,
The soldier's lance, the fierce centurion's sword,
The crushing wheels that whirl some Roman lord,
The midnight-crypt that sucks the captive's breath,
The blustering sun on Hinnom's vale of death !
Thrice on his cheek had rained the morning light ;
Thrice on his lips the mildewed kiss of night,
Crouched by a sheltering column's shining plinith,
Or stretched beneath the odorous terebinth.
At last, in desperate mood, they sought once more
The Temple's porches, searched in vain before ;
They found him seated with the ancient men,—
The grim old rufflers of the tongue and pen,—
Their gray beards slanting as they turned to hear,
Lost in half-envious wonder and surprise
That lips so fresh should utter words so wise.

And Mary said,—as one who, tried too long,
Tells all her grief and half her sense of wrong,—
" What is this thoughtless thing which thou had done?
Lo ! we have sought thee sorrowing, O my son :
Few words he spake, and scarce of filial tone,
Strange words, their sense a mystery yet unknown :
Then turned with them and left the holy hill,
To all their mild commands obedient still.

The tale was told to Nazareth's sober men,
And Nazareth's matrons told it oft again ;
The maids retold it at the fountain's side,
The youthful shepherds doubted or denied ;
It passed around among the listening friends,
With all that fancy adds and fiction lends,
Till newer marvels dimmed the young renown
Of Joseph's son, who talked the Rabbis down.

But Mary, faithful to its lighted word,
Kept in her heart the saying she had heard,
Till the dread hour that rent the Temple's veil,
When shuddering earth confirmed the wondrous tale,
Youth fades ; love droops ; the leaves of friendship fall :
A Mother's secret hope outlives them all.



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THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

By Leonardo Da Vinci.

The Virgin of the Rocks.

By Charles Lamb.

Lines on the celebrated picture by "Leonardo da Vinci."

WHILE young John runs to greet
The greater infant's feet,
The mother standing by with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging, mystic play, and pretty adoration ;
Nor knows aught the full event
Of those so low beginnings,
From we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-worship meant.

But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the bless'd wonders should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sov'reign schemes and divine riddles there.

The Sistine Madonna.

By Henry M. Goodwin.

BEHOLD the Maid and Mother, doubly blest,
In sweet amazement holding in her arms
The wondrous Child! no timorous alarms
Stir her pure bosom with love's weight oppressed,
But sacred awe holds her entranced at rest;
Within her arms he sits, as on a throne,
Looking serenely on the world unknown
He came to save; majestic, uncaressed.

In meditation lost, and Heaven lies
In the dear orbs of those amazing eyes.
Depth within depth, encircling amplitude;
Angels and cherubs wait on poised wing,
To gaze upon the vision, pondering
The holy mystery of Motherhood.

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

RAPHAEL.

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The Modonna and Child.

By Grace Webster Hinsdale.

[*Written after viewing Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto in the Royal Gallery of Dresden, August, 1867. First published in Shaff's "Christmas Song," 1868.*]

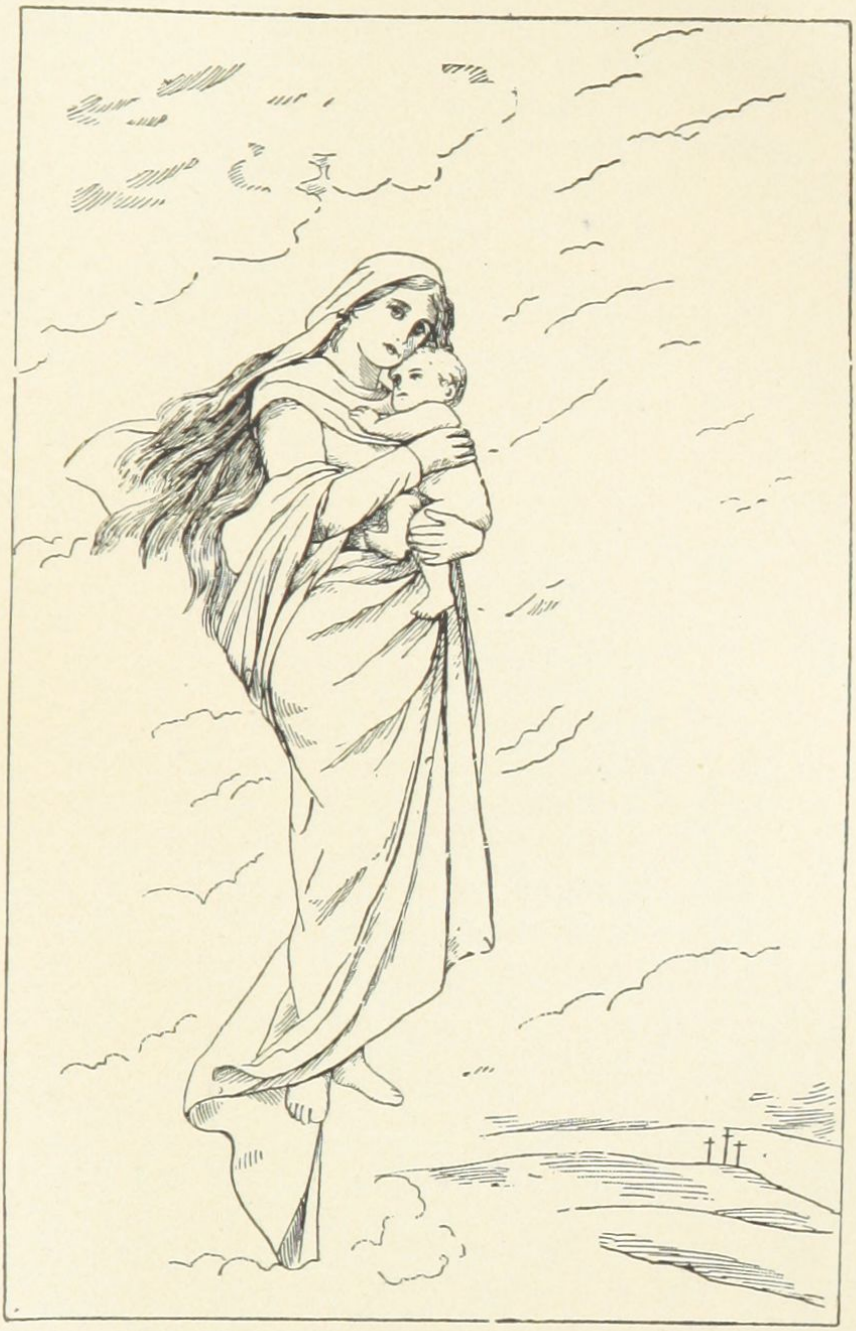
THOU stand'st between the earth and heaven,
Sweet Mary, with thy boy ;
And on thy young and lovely face
Lingers surprise and joy.
The angel's words are sounding yet
In thy attentive ear ;
Thou hold'st thy child most tenderly,
And yet with awe and fear.
Almost a frightened look thou hast,
As if within thy thought
The glory of thy motherhood
An anxious burden brought.

Thou dar'st not clasp the Holy Child
With freedom to thy breast ;
And yet, because he is thy own,
Thou look'st supremely blest.
God gave the boy into thy arms
And thou his Mother art,
And yet the words the angel spoke
Are lingering in thy heart.
Thou canst not call him quite thine own ;
And when upon thy knee,
He sleeps as other infants sleep,
Thou dost a glory see,

Which fills thee with awe,
And makes thee tremble so
That thou dost lay thy baby down,
And, bending very low,
Dost ask the Father why He sent
A babe divine to thee,
And pouring out thy troubled heart
Dost seek his sympathy.
O Mary, loved of God and man,
Let all thy fears depart,
For God will send His Spirit down
To guide thy anxious heart ;

And thou shalt rear the Blessed Child,
Cheered by His smile divine :
And, in thy sweet and humble home,
Shall God's veiled glory shine.
But, oh ! I dread for thee the hour
When thou shalt stand alone
Beneath the cross where God's dear Son
Shall for man's sin atone.
A sword shall enter then thine heart,
And leave such bitter pain
That thou wilt kneel in agony
Inquiring once again,

Why God should crush thee with a grief
No other heart could share ?
And why in utter loneliness
Thou must the anguish bear ?
And, oh ! I see another day
When thou shalt wondering stand
Amidst a throng who welcome thee
In heaven, the blessed land !
And thou the Lord, who livest on earth,
Clothed in humility,
Shall sit upon His Father's throne
In radiant majesty.



THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

VON BODENHAUSEN.

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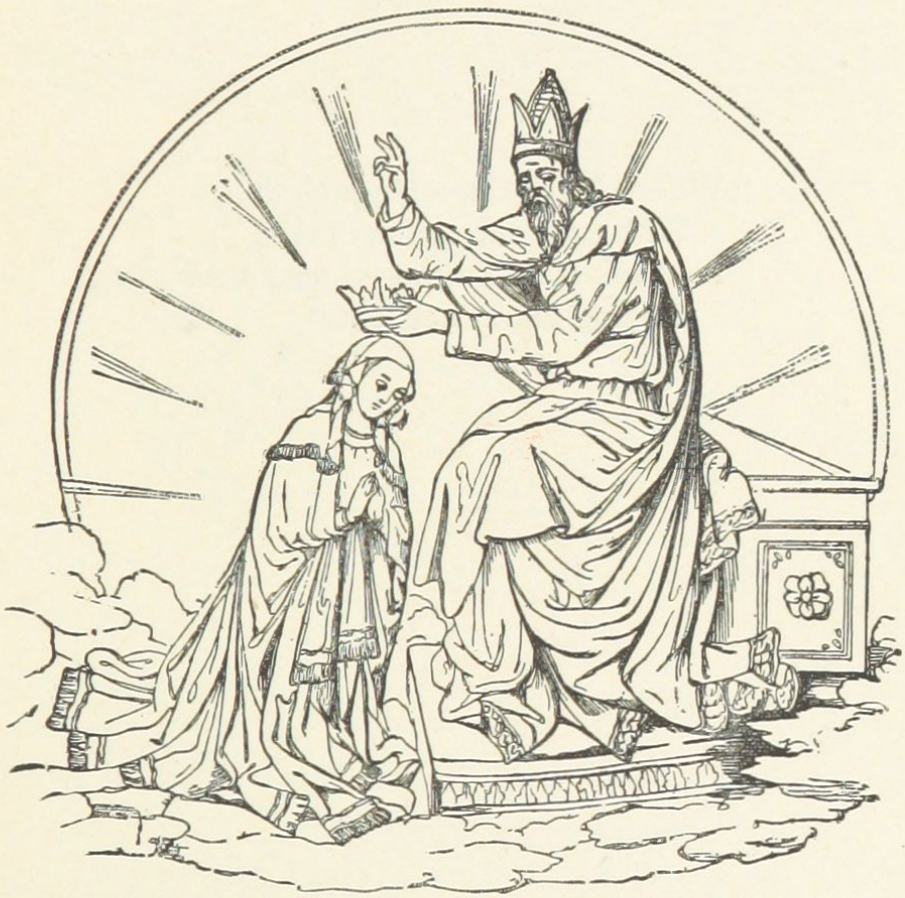
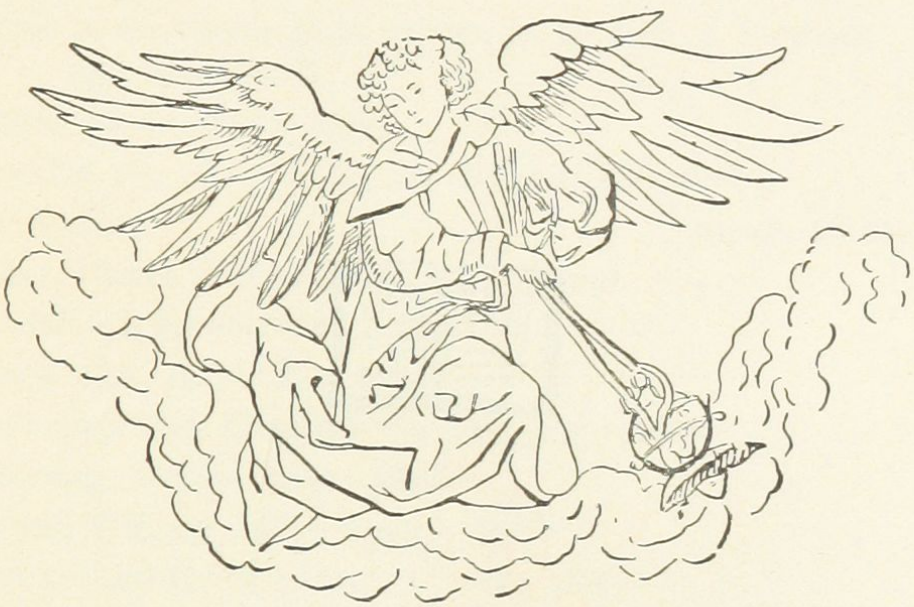
The angels then shall lead thy feet
Across the crystal sea ;
And then shalt reach the Blessed One,
Who lived and died for thee.
Thy grateful praise shall swell the song
Which rises towards the throne ;
For then the mysteries of Earth
Shall all be fully known.
Sweet Mary, when the gate of life
Death's hand unlocks for me,
I shall discern thy lovely face
By its humility.



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN AT SPOLETO
BY FRA FILIPPO LIPPI.

"Where Mary sings Magnificat
With tune surpassing sweet,
And saints unnumbered bear their part,
Singing about her feet."



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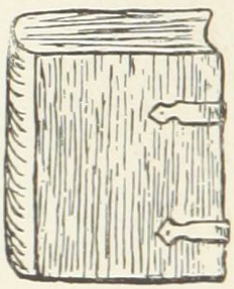
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